The Legend of Count Hannibal Lecter

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The Legend of Count Hannibal Lecter

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Summary

Frederick Chilton wasn't a good man. He had never been one and he never will.
Especially not when he heard about a certain abandoned castle where he could find all of the most expensive paintings known to men, allowing him to live a life of luxury once he had sold them.
Problem is, everyone is trying to warn him about some sort of vampire that lives in the castle and who is known to kill everyone who try to explore his home.

But, of course, they were only legends made up by the peasants to prevent everyone to get inside the castle.
Little did Frederick know that someone actually lived inside the castle, the owner of the paintings.
And, of course, his beautiful husband.

Frederick was a bit disappointed but he decided to go on with his plan, deciding to kill Hannibal and to keep Will all for himself as his sexual slave.

After all, nothing could go wrong with his master plan. Right?

Notes

I hate writing summaries.

Chapter 1

A long time ago, in this exact place, peasants liked to spread rumors about legends.
They were, of course, legends meant to attract more tourist and to make the children behave, threatening them that the big bad monster was going to kidnap them if they dared to misbehave. Legends about how creepy and scary creatures were hiding in the woods, luring the tourist inside them only to never let them go.
Yeah, they were the usual stories meant to sell to the outsiders little talismans and souvenirs that, by the words of the locals, were meant to keep them protected and safe by every kind of evil entity that meant any threat.

By the time all of these legends slowly started to fade. The stories now becoming something that the elders will tell to each other when they felt nostalgic of the good old times, or when they wanted to ta about their childhood with their nephews or with other children who tried to bother them.

However, there was only one legend that everybody who was born in the little village never stopped to talk about.
Maybe it was because that story was the only thing that was keeping the village alive, bringing many tourist and many lovers of the paranormal to their village. Making them spend their money to even only spend a night in that little forgotten place between the woods.
Or maybe it was because, like everyone would tell you, the story wasn't only just a story.

Because, you see, if you ever tried to ask to one of the villagers about that legend you will quickly find out that everyone, no matter their age, will tell you that what you are talking about isn't a simple fairytale or a legend. No, they will likely tell you that everything about the man who lives in the castle is true.
Everything, from the disappearing of people to the screams of pure horror and fear that sometimes can be heard if you go near the castle.

If they are brave enough, of course under compensation, they could even offer to guide you near the castle so that you could see with your own eyes the walls that were dividing the human beings from the monster of another world.
Of course you will see it from a safety distance, they couldn't even possibly think about disturbing the creature that lived inside those walls.
But nobody will ever offer to take you inside the castle or even in front of it. No matter how much you payed them, no matter what you offered them.

After all, the creature that lived inside those walls, who now takes the name of Hannibal, doesn't like to be disturbed by people who are rude enough to think that they could intrude. People rude enough to think that it would be ok to just invite themselves inside Hannibal's house without even asking the man himself if they could get inside his home.

I mean, you can do that on your own. Getting inside the caste wasn't as difficult as the peasants tried to make it sound, something that they would always tell you in a mere attempt to save you from an inevitable death.
You just have to be ready to face the consequences of your own actions. Actions that, if we want to follow the legends and the stories' words, will lead you to your death by the hand of the Vampire who lived inside the castle.

But, after all, they were all legends and stories made up by the people to scare the tourists away or to make them spend their money to even have a look from afar at the famous Castle of the Vampire.
They were only legends, right?

"You sure you can't take me any further? I have the money to pay you, and other things that could catch your interest if good money aren't your cup of tea" the brunette man spoke loudly, trying to make his voice louder than the noises that were coming from outside the carriage.

Yes, to Frederick's displeasure, both he and the man who decided to take him as near as possible to Lecter's castle had to travel by carriage instead of by car.

The reason? The noise of a car always managed to disturb and to scare the creatures that lived inside the woods, making them aggressive toward everyone who didn't look like their master.

"They also displease the creature that lives inside the castle, and no sane man would ever even think about being viewed as rude by that thing" the man said when Frederick, not so gently, suggested that they traveled by car instead of just using something as old as a carriage towed by horses.

In the end, the brunette had no other choice than to get inside the carriage and hope that his trip won't last too long. His mood already bad because of the uncomfortable seat he was forced to take.

However, Frederick thought, if everything went accordingly to plan he won't have to do something like that ever again.

“A whole life spent in complete luxury. I could have everything I crave, with the whole world on its knees by my feet.” He thought once again, while looking outside of the window, staring at the threes passing by and reminding to himself why he was doing what he was doing and why he was going through all of that fatigue just for some paintings.

Painting that would gift to him the life he always wanted and craved, he just had to steal them from the abandoned castle that he was going to visit really soon.

However his open eye dream was quickly interrupted when an harsh stop of the carriage made him almost fall on the floor of it, making the man curse loudly. The only response he was going to receive just a few seconds look by the other man who was bringing him inside the woods.

“That’s it. You have to continue on you own from now on, I won’t take you any further” the peasant explained to Frederick, quickly urging him to get out of the carriage so that he could go back to the village as soon as possible.

He was already too near to the castle or his own liking, and all of the stories about Count Lecter didn’t help him with the fear of angering the creature inside the castle.

It took him a few minutes before actually getting out of the carriage, muttering some curses under his breath before paying what he had promised the man. A little something to pay for the service of bringing him inside the woods without asking too many questions, even if he had to listen to all the warnings and the stupid legends about a vampire that lived inside the castle.

Frederick never believed those old stories, always thinking that they were just stupid things said by the villagers meant to scare away or attract tourist from all over the world.

After all, people were ready to pay good money to visit the little village that was built not too far away from the castle of a real vampire.

“All bullshits. That’s what these legends are” it was what the man had thought when he first heard about the village, taking an interest in it only when he discovered about the rumors that told a story about the paintings inside the castle. Paintings that, according to the experts, are worth everything.

Their value too high to even make specific offer for even one of them, forcing every possible single buyer to almost spend all of their money to have the possibility to say that they owned one of those pieces of art.

Of course, they too were stories told by the people who lived in the village, always saying that those were paintings that personally belonged to the monster that lived inside the castle.

After all, he was the one who painted them.

But Frederick was too intelligent to let them fool him, perfectly knowing that the paintings truly existed and that they were worth a lot of money and perfectly knowing that all of the

bullshits about a possible vampire living in the woods were just scary little stories meant to keep the children and the people who were too curious away from the village's true treasure.

Or that's what he thought.

"You don't really think that trying to get inside the castle is a good idea, right? Do you perhaps have a death wish or what?" the man who accompanied Frederick now asked him, looking at the brunette with a worried expression on his face while quickly going back to his place on the carriage. The quickest he left the place the happiest he will be.

"Unlike you, I'm a man of science and I don't even remotely believe in those little stories that you go around and tell to everyone. I'm superior to you peasants who believe everything they heard and some stupid legends won't keep me away from my goal." Was the last thing that the man said before starting to walk away, needing to arrive to the castle before the night.

Yes, he didn't believe any of the legends that talked about a vampire that lived in the castle that would kill everyone who tried to get too near to him, but he knew that in those woods he could find bears or wolves.

Looking back Frederick almost wished that he listened to what the peasants tried to say to him, letting his brain be assaulted by the fears and by the paranoia and making him stay away from the woods.

Of course he still didn't believe in those stupid legends, still thinking that no such creature like a vampire could possibly live among humans, but he very much believed in the pack of wolves that had chased him down until he finally find a good place to hide.

Only curses were now being whispered under his breath, regretting the choice of his outfit that now was all dirty and ripped in multiple parts.

However, the castle wasn't too far from where he was right now.

The man could clearly see its figure, towering in the distance over the woods and over the now far village. The slowly descending sun giving to it an almost holy vibes, making the dark stones that were the body of it shine in the light of the sun and almost become a more gold shade rather than the gray/black color that they seemed to be.

Yeah, he just needed to walk maybe another 10 or 15 minutes and he will finally be in front of the door that will lead him to his new future. A smirk immediately appearing on Frederick's face at the thought.

He was going to be rich very soon.

A few minutes had passed since when he was hiding inside the cave he had found, trying to run away from the pack of wolves that had chased him down since a few minutes ago.

The man wasn't sure if it was safe for him to get out of his hiding place, fearing that the animals could still be there, waiting for him to get outside so that they could feast on his flesh. They seemed more intelligent than the usual wolves he had always seen, almost as if

they were following someone's orders, trying to chase him away and to keep him away from the castle.

But, the absence of every kind of rumor or noise that could remind him of the pack of wolves was making Frederick feel safe and secure, making him finally get out of the cave to go back on the path in the woods he was following. After all, he still had to find the castle and to steal the paintings.

The man still convicted of binging to an end his plan, only with a few changes in it.

Indeed, if he didn't plan to spend the night inside those walls, the quickly approaching night and darkness were making him change his mind, thinking that maybe he could afford to spend the night inside of it. Away from scary creatures and from the cold weather of the night, spending all the morning after to steal everything that interested him without having to rush things.

However, he had to be quick to reach the castle, the sounds of thunders and the dark clouds that were now covering the sky threatening him to make his journey even more unpleasant.

Unfortunately for him, luck hadn't been by his side for a long time, making the rain start to fall on his figure only a few seconds after he decided to leave the cave, wanting to reach the castle as soon as possible.

Curses were now being muttered under his breath, throwing names at everyone and everything that Frederick could think of in that moment.

He had to reach the castle as soon as possible, not wanting to ruin his dress even more, dirtying it with the mud that was starting to create on the ground.

"It seems like we're going to have company really soon" a velvet voice said, speaking over the sweet and slow melody that was now filling the room.

It wasn't unusual for them to spend their time in that room, enjoying the quiet and relaxing atmosphere that they could experience and live at its full only in nights like that.

"A man, just like me" he then continued, turning his body and his head in a swift movement, making the fabric of his skirt brush against his bare legs, making a light shiver run down his spine.

The lovely sound of the piano now completely disappeared from the room, leaving its space only to the silent sound of his breath.

"Well then.

It is time for me to greet our guest properly"

It was raining heavily outside, making impossible for Frederick to even think about leaving the castle soon. It was clear that the rain won't stop soon, going on even for multiple days, forcing him to stay inside that castle for only God knew how much long.

After all, he couldn't let the paintings get wet, in fear of ruining them or for them to loose some of their value. The complicated situation leaving him no choice but to remain inside the castle while waiting for the bad weather to stop.

However, he seemed to be lucky.

The insides of the castle seemed to be nicely kept, as if someone was actively living inside of it, keeping it nice and clean.

The floor was a nice shade of black, shining thanks to the light of the thunders that now were starting to appear in the sky, making Frederick jump or shiver in fear every time he heard them. The walls around him were nicely decorated with paintings and tapestries that showed various scenes of the normal life of people that lived in the village around 500 or 600 years ago.

Numerously candlesticks were decorating the walls too, signaling to the man that they were the preferred method for whoever lived there to bring some kind of light inside the walls.

"I fucking win the jackpot" Frederick told to himself, now completely ignoring the wet and uncomfortable clothes he was wearing, starting to walk towards one of the walls, wanting to have a closer look to one of the paintings that were hanging there.

The man wasn't really sure about the protagonists but he thought that he could see two men, hugging each other while being naked. Their bodies covered in something that looked like blood to Frederick.

A sight that made him quickly turn his gaze away, but not before having spent a few more seconds to admire the naked figure of the curly brunette, letting his eyes study his body intently.

However he quickly had to move his attention on something else, thanks to the candles who suddenly started to burn, making a nice and soft light appear in the hall of the castle.

The sound of steps on the floor quickly approaching now filling the once so silent room.

"Goodevening" a low voice said, echooing inside the almost empty room. The light of the candles now revealing to Frederick his surroundings.

A lot of paintings were decorating the walls, even more than the ones that he was able to see when he first got inside the castle, giving a nice touch of color to the dark color of the furniture's that decorated the hall.

They seemed very old, considering the aesthetic of them and the material it had been used to create them, a very rare type of wood that was popular around 200 or 300 years ago, something that now you could only find at a very high price and only thanks specialized sellers.

“I’m sorry for being late with my greetings, but I wasn’t expecting any kind of visitors tonight” The man said once again, starting to walk down the stairs to be closer to Frederick. His hands still holding the candlestick, lightening his figure even better, letting the brunette the possibility to study him for a few seconds.

The man had long hair, nicely tied in a low ponytail that was resting on his left shoulder, of a color that was a mix between the blonde and gray.

His clothes were nicely wore, perfectly fitting the figure of the man, giving to Frederick the impression that they had been commissioned and custom made to follow his measurements perfectly.

He was wearing a long green jacket, with some embossed embroidery all over it, making the piece of clothing look even more royal and giving the man an important look.

Under it Frederick could see that the man was wearing a long black shirt that was covering his neck, meant to give to him an even more elegant look and to protect his body from the cold temperatures of the mountains that could be seen behind his castle.

It was the perfect look, meant to make the person who was wearing it look important and belonging to an high class range while also making them feel comfortable in their own clothes, never making them feel the cold bites of the air of the mountains.

But, of course, that was if they still lived in the nineteenth century where everyone used to dress and look like that, making everyone look like they just come out from a film about some vampires.

But they lived in the present, and a look like the one of the man could only be something that Frederick would define weird, to use some kind words.

However, the man preferred to keep those words and thoughts to himself, limiting himself only to look at him with a raised eyebrow.

One of the very few good decisions that he had ever took in his entire life.

He was also going to speak, wanting to ask to the weird man who was he and why he was inside that castle that was supposed to be abandoned. After all he had to understand if the other person could represent a threat to his plan or if he was just some kind of weirdo that was there to take some photos.

Unfortunately, or fortunately for him, the man must have noticed the strange expression that Frederick had on his face, making a low chuckle escape his mouth before starting to talk.

“I’m sorry, I should have introduced myself sooner.

My name is Lord Hannibal Lecter. I own and live in this castle" Hannibal said in a polite smile, offering his free hand to Frederick for him to shake it. A polite but also emotionless smile always present on his face.

It took Frederick a few seconds to shake Hannibal's hand, his gaze switching between the face of the man and the hand that he was offering to him, trying to study the situation at the best of his capabilities.

He was sure that had already heard that name, somewhere, even if he wasn't sure when or where. But right now that wasn't important for the brunette, too focused on trying to elaborate a plan about how to steal those paintings.

If Hannibal really lived here there could have never been a chance for Frederick to steal the paintings without getting noticed or without the man discovering that some of them went missing.

Unless if he…

"..or perhaps you came here to find a shelter from the animals of the woods and from the rain, am I wrong?" Hannibal finished to ask, looking directly at the man who clearly wasn't listening to him, too lost in his thought about something to actually listen to what the older man was saying to him.

Yes, it was rude for Frederick to do so, but Hannibal decided to let it go, already having plans for people like him.

After all, Hannibal perfectly knew why the brunette was here, he just wanted to let his dear Will have some fun with a new toy before gifting him the end that he deserved.

"Oh! Yes of course! I was trying to save myself and my already ruined clothes by the rain outside." Frederick said in a loud tone, mentally thanking Hannibal for being so stupid to give him the perfect excuse.

That way Frederick could very politely ask the man to let him stay for the night, or at least long enough for the rain to stop and for the animals to stop to search for him, giving the brunette the enough amount of time for him to steal a few paintings.

Enough for him to sell them and to live a life in luxury without having to worry too much about the older man noticing them missing and without having to think about money for the rest of his life.

And, if Hannibal or that man called Will dared to do something to stop him, he would just kill them. After all, who will ever come here to search for them?

The castle was so far away from everyone and everything, making it very difficult for someone to even notice that the two men were dead or even alive for what someone could know.

Especially because the outside of the castle made everyone think that nobody lived there inside those walls.

Yes, it would be so easy for him to do so.

If only Frederick knew. But where would be the fun in that?

After all, they always loved a good chase before consuming their meal.

Hannibal looked at him for a few seconds, his polite smile always present on his lips, never fading or even trying to change one bit. His eyes studying for a few seconds the figure of the brunette, silently judging his attire and the conditions it was.

Yeah, he knew that the rain and the pack of wolves that had followed him could be responsible for the bad conditions of the clothes, however they weren't the only reasons about why Frederick had such bad kept clothes.

However the man decided to ignore it for now, finding useless to worry about someone who was going to disappear from his life as soon as he appeared in it. It was just question of time.

"I hate to be this impolite but may I know your name?" Hannibal asked, deciding to change the argument of their conversation. After all, it would be rude for Hannibal to not be a good host by not knowing the name of the guest that was going to spend some days in his and Will company.

It was only part of his duty as a true gentleman and host to be sure to know everything he needed about the man he had in front of him, and this included the reason of his visit.

A lie that Frederick will reveal to him later, thinking that this way he will have free access to all of the paintings in the castle without anyone suspecting anything.

"My name?" Fredrick asked, looking at the man in front of him for a few seconds before starting to chuckle a bit. He must have lived outside the real and present world for a while to not know who Frederick was.

Or, at least, who he pretended to be in front of everyone and the media. The mask of a good psychiatrist and an art connoisseur always present on his face, hiding his lower and useless being from the world around him.

"I'm Frederick Chilton, famous Psychiatrist and Art Connoisseur.

I came here because I heard from a friend that I would have found a lovely village not far from there where I could have found some local artists.

I'm searching for new great discoveries to show to the world, you know?" Frederick started to say, finally shaking the man's hand.

He was sure that he could pull off that lie quite easily, after all he didn't expect for Hannibal to understand something about art or about the value the paintings he had inside the castle. If

so he would have already sold them, deciding to move away from that filthy village and castle, leaving everything behind him for a better life.

However, to the brunette surprise, his words were immediately being answered by something that he would call a twitch in Hannibal's lips. A twitch that Frederick thought was of happiness or recognition but that in reality for a twitch of pure amusement meant to be shown just for a second.

"Mr.Chilton it's a pleasure to meet you, my partner read a few of your books about criminal psychology.

I tried to give them a read but, unfortunately, they hadn't sparked my interest" Hannibal revealed to him, thinking again fro a few seconds to that night when Will had tried to make him read what he had called 'some of the worst book ever written on the argument' thinking that it would have been fun for one night to see Hannibal out of his polite zone and actually angry at someone.

Unfortunately for him Hannibal decided to give them a quick read, deciding after only a few seconds that what Frederick was talking about wasn't true or interesting enough for him to spend his time to read those pages. Preferring instead to use those papers to light the fire a bit, gifting to them the perfect scenario for an activity that would have benefitted both of them.

A night of pleasure and love that they both won't forget.

"I totally understand that Mr.Lecter, my books and the arguments I talk about aren't for any kind of audience" Frederick told him after a few seconds, making a smirk appear on his lips immediately after saying those words. Of course the man in front of him wasn't going to fully appreciate his words, he probably even knew nothing about what he was talking about in his books.

However, this partner Hannibal was talking about, they really had good taste and probably had a much higher level of intelligence confronted to Hannibal's own.

Yeah, they were someone worth of Frederick's attention. And, if they were hot enough to catch the brunette's interest for more than a few minutes, maybe he would even decide to let them live.

Finding them a new purpose that revolved around Frederick's life.

The two men kept talking for a few seconds, moving the discussions on other topics that weren't about psychology or Frederick's books, settling their attention on the fine arts and, mostly, on all of the paintings that Hannibal actually owned in the castle and in his various mansions that he had all around the world.

"I'm quite of a lover of the fine arts myself. I enjoy every kind of art greatly, especially those that can actively bring something to society like a good painting or a good composition.

Me and my partner often spend entire nights talking about a good book or a piece of art that captured our attention." Hannibal explained to Frederick, looking at him for a few seconds, waiting for the man to express his opinion on the topic.

The man perfectly knew that the one in front of him was lying about the purpose of his trip, clearly interested in stealing his personal collections of paintings and not in the village that peacefully lived not so far away from the castle.

However, Hannibal was curious about that man who clearly had ignored all the legends and the advices that the villagers gave him. Something that made a slight smirk appear on his face.

"Well, considering your collections, Mr.Lecter, you and your partner have an impeccable taste when it comes to art." Frederick told him before starting to look around himself a bit, his attention switching its focus between the books, the furnitures and the paintings all around them. His eyes lingering on the last ones a bit more than usual, trying to take a mental note about all of them.

Yes, he may have known nothing about many things in this world, but he knew a few things about the paintings that he had in front of himself and about their value.

Even if, Frederick had to admit, he couldn't recall the existence of some of the pieces of art he was staring at, making a very visible frown appear on his face.

"However, I don't recall the title or the name of the artist of this particular painting.

Maybe you can help me with that?" the brunette asked after a few minutes, wanting to have more information about those particular paintings, hoping to maybe find out that they were very rare pieces that only a few people heard about, making them even more valuable.

Unfortunately for him the answer he received wasn't the one he was hoping for.

"That's because I made this painting myself" Hannibal told him after a few seconds, looking at the man for a while before focusing his attention on the paintings they had in front of them.

It could have looked like a scene from the bible, at first, representing the scene where Eve was being tempted by the snake to eat the forbidden fruit.

However, if you had the possibility to study that piece of art from a more short distance, you could clearly see that what was supposed to be a snake was instead a hand of an unknown person.

And, instead of Eve, it could clearly be seen the figure of a man.

He looked like Eve. Tall, with brown hair and blue eyes, his nakedness being covered by the plants and threes all around them.

At first sight you could even say that he looked kinda confused about the hand that was being offered to him, a sweet invite to something unknown that could lead him both to eternal damnation or to the eternal pleasure that derived by sitting besides god himself.

But, in the end, if you managed to pay enough attention at the great picture in front of you, soon you will recognize that his expression wasn't confused or curious at all.

No, he was smirking at the one who was in front of him.

A smirk that could have meant that he was accepting the offer of that mysterious figure.

However, a question still remained even in the minds of those who were capable to recognize the boy's true emotions.

Where will the hand lead him?

"I delight myself in participating in many of the fine arts, even if lately I don't have much time to paint my loved one like this" Hannibal then continued, moving his eyes for a few seconds on the painting that he had in front of him. His gaze carefully studying the figure of his lover, focusing mostly on all the little details that he managed to capture.

The little brown curls that were covering his forehead. His beautiful blue eyes that, just like the day he posed for him to make Hannibal's vision become reality, were staring deep inside his soul, perfectly reading who (or what) he truly was.

His right hand, so slowly but not so carefully getting closer and closer to Hannibal's one in a mix of certainty and uncertainty. As if Will knew and didn't know at the same time where the hand was going to lead him.

However, his journey into his memory palace was being brutally interrupted by the man who was still standing beside Hannibal, making him move his gaze away from the colors on the canvas to look at Frederick with the most polite expression in this world. The little smile always present on his lips, never letting anyone understand the real meaning of it.

"This is your partner? This man?" Frederick asked, staring at the man in the painting for a few seconds more.

Yes, he was beautiful. A rare beauty indeed.

The only problem was that he couldn't really understand why such a gorgeous and young, or so he looked, boy could be with a man like Hannibal Lecter.

He could have done so much better instead of spending his life with a man who came out from what looked like a Victorian novel and who decided to spend his life inside an abandoned castle to live what Frederick thought was some sort of 'being a vampire' fantasy.

No, such a beauty like the on in the painting deserved a partner on his same level, someone like himself who could treat him nice and give his the world. Someone like Frederick.

"Yes" Frederick thought "I think I will let him live, and if he behaves well too there won't be need for me to harm him too bad"

The two men kept talking, mostly about all of the techniques that Hannibal used to realize the painting in front of them. Even if the conversation was being a bit of a one sided one, mostly

because the brunette didn't know anything about what the older man was telling him, using words and terms that he had never heard before.

Probably because of his poor and very little, if non-existence, knowledge about the older art techniques that had been discovered and used many thousands of years ago. Even if those were the fathers and mothers of the most modern and well known technique that everyone use and knows about.

However, it was just when Frederick was going to try to change the subject of their conversation, wanting to know more about the brunette in the painting and if he was really his lover, that he was quickly interrupted by the sound of light footsteps echoing in all the castle, making both him and Hannibal turn their heads around to look at the stairs beside them.

It didn't take long for both men to notice who was the one person who was making those sounds, making a more present smile appear on Hannibal's face and a very noticeable smirk appear on Frederick's lips.

Will was lazily standing on the top of the stairs, looking down at his lover and at the other man who was with him with something that could have been called a curious expression.

His eyes were focused on the brunette man who was standing right beside Hannibal, lazily studying him and his form, letting his gaze travel all over his body for a few seconds.

Eventually he grew bored of the new toy, deciding that his lover was a more interesting sight to watch and to admire from afar, letting a soft smile appear on his lips.

"Come back to bed, Hannibal? It's getting cold without you and I miss you" were the words that escaped the rosy lips of the brunette, making his soft and sultry voice fill the entire room, making Frederick focus his whole attention on the man and anymore on the paintings that were surrounding him right now.

The brunette was even better in real life than what he saw in the painting, making the man want to immediately remove Hannibal from the picture so that he could have his way with the boy. Even if he didn't want to.

Unfortunately for Frederick his plans had to wait a bit more, especially because right now his brain couldn't think about anything else that wasn't the possibility to see more of the figure of the brunette who now was slowly walking down the stairs. The boy getting closer and closer to them with every second that passed, making the smirk that was resting on Frederick's lips grew even more wider.

The brunette's outfit now even more clear to the man, fully revealing to Frederick what he started to think since the first second that he was the boy. He wasn't wearing any pants.

No, Will wasn't wearing anything to cover the lower half of his body, leaving the task to the long black jacket that he was wearing on top of his white shirt. The only accessory that was now decorating his body an high waist corset, pointing out the fact that he had a small waist, adding even more contrast to his whole figure.

However, unfortunately for the man, even if the brunette who now was only a few steps away from him was lacking a very important part of his clothes, Frederick wasn't really able to see what he was hiding behind the white fabric of his shirt and the black one of his jacket. Leaving to him only the possibility to not so subtly stare at his almost completely bare thighs.

A smirk appearing on the brunette's lips as soon as he felt a new pair of eyes staring at his figure, making him decide that maybe he could have some fun with the intruder before letting Hannibal have his own way with him.

After all, it was only fair that they both had some fun while playing with the new mouse that just got inside the cat's house, playing and toying around with him a little bit before feeling mercifully enough to give Frederick the sweet embrace of death.

And, of course, Will wanted to play around a bit with Hannibal too, enjoying the fact that he was very able to make him jealous an loving the consequences of his actions.

He could still clearly recall the last time that he saw Hannibal jealous, almost making him caress his neck with his fingertips again, remembering exactly where the older man had left his now gone mark on his skin.

However, both his actions and his thought were being quickly interrupted by the sound of a voice that he knew so well, making him wake up from his little trance and forcing him to come back to reality.

After all, he will have the time to basks in the memories of that night later, maybe with a companion by his side that will allow him to live again on his skin those sensations.

"My dear Will, it's not polite to greet our guest without a proper attire on.

Go upstairs and put some clothes on before greeting us again with your lovely presence" Hannibal told him in a firm but soft tone, looking directly at the brunette in the eyes, as if he was giving him an order that Will couldn't refuse to follow.

A soft whine immediately left his lips, making Frederick focus his attention on his figure even more than before, allowing a subtle smirk to appear on Will's lips because of that.

It was clear to both, him and Hannibal, that Frederick was very interested in Will under many ways and aspects, looking at him with pure lust in the eyes and thinking of his person as just a fuck doll to use for his pleasure.

And maybe Will liked that, because it allowed him to play with the situation in many ways that could make his evening even more interesting than how much he had planned the previous day.

After all, he always knew how much Hannibal loved to chase his meals down, and Will never complained about the fact of having a bit more jealous and possessive lover.

Mostly because making Hannibal jealous, on purpose or not, always meant to him a night (or even more) spent between the sheets of their bed. His body shaking because of the many

orgasms that his lover managed to pull out of him, using everything that he could to make that sweet sweet torture last even longer.

Yes, Will could almost feel it on his skin, his sensations now controlled by his very vivid memories once again.

The feeling of Hannibal's hand around his neck and pressed against his waist, preventing him from squirming away from his touch. His cock buried deeply inside of him, hitting that special spot with every thrust , making him sees stars and roll his eyes in the back oh his head every time.

But mostly, what made him crave to live the experience of that night over and over again was the feeling of Hannibal's fangs against his skin, leaving red marks and bites all over his body, making him whine and moan in pleasure. Forcing Will to beg for more of it.

A silent but visible reminder of who he belonged to.

"My bad, my love, I didn't know we were expecting guests tonight.

I'll go and put on something more…

Appropriate to the occasion" Will said after a few seconds, offering to Hannibal a polite smile, something meant to look as an innocent gesture, before moving his attention on the man who was still standing still right beside Hannibal.

This time his polite smile turning into something else.

"I offer you my apology, good Sir. I will be back to you once I will look more presentable to greet you in a proper way." He said then, offering to Frederick a very small but polite bow meant only to please his lover, before starting to walk once again toward the stairs that will lead him to the upper floor.

Two pair of eyes now staring intently at his covered back.

A few seconds had passed since Will decided to leave the room, denying to the two men his company until a more proper moment, but Frederick's gaze was still focused on the spot where Will was just a while ago. His eyes staring into that empty space, offering to everyone who was present in that moment the mere view of an empty shell of a man while his mind was traveling through all of the possibilities of many futures with Will Graham by his side.

Oh yes, he had so many plans for that boy. Plans that went from the most simple tasks to the more sexual ones, planning to make the brunette his personal sexual and non slave. Training him personally until he was going to obey him even by a simple click of his fingers.

However his thoughts were quickly being interrupted by the sound of a voice, waking him up from his open eyes dreams and making him back to the reality.

An unpleasant smirk now resting on his lips.

“Should we continue, Mr.Chilton? Dinner will be ready in an hour and it would be such a waste to not use this time in the best way possible.

Rain and storms can last even a week here, sometimes, and it’s very dangerous to go out while the weather is not optimal” Hannibal told him, turning his head for a few seconds to look outside the big window that was by his side. Rain quickly wetting the dark colored glass, making both the surface and the light on the floor dotted with small drops of water.

“I could show you around, in case that you will have to extend your stay in my humble mansion.

After all, we don’t want for you to lose yourself inside those walls or to get hurt, do we?” the man asked him, his honey-colored eyes now staring directly into Frederick’s pair.

There was something inside of them, and behind that polite smile always present on his lips, that Frederick couldn’t quite recall.

They looked normal, at first sight, but the more he stared into them. The more he looked at them. The more they seemed to hide something…

Unfathomable.

However the brunette decided to not think about that too much, brushing it off as something dictated by his tiredness and by his brain playing jokes on him, wanting for the man to think that all of the legends he had heard about were true and not something told by the villagers to scare away the tourists.

And, after all, he had better things to think about. Things like the very kind offer that Hannibal had just made him, something that made Frederick very happy.

An offer like that meant a possibility for him to roam around the castle with a safe guide, allowing him to mentally take note of where all the paintings were and giving him the chance to study every possible way and exit that would lead him out of that horrible castle.

And, if he was lucky enough, who knows, maybe he would find where that lovely Will rested during the night.

The unpleasant smirk now turning into something meant to hide, poorly, his true intentions. Masking them behind a feeling of happiness, curiosity and maybe thankfulness too.

“I would love to have a look around, Mr.Lecter”

Chapter 2

To say that the castle where both Hannibal and Will lived was huge would be an understatement.
From outside Frederick had thought that maybe the building had only two, or maybe three, floors. Making it one of the smallest castles that the brunette had ever seen in his entire life.
However he had to take his thoughts back when the older man started to show him around, explaining to him that the castle had many parts and floors that couldn't be seen from outside.
This little detail made Frederick's plan more complicated than he had expected, making the brunette curse under his breath because of the possibilities of him having to explore the castle more time than he had expected at first.
However, that also meant that there would have been even more paintings that he could have stolen from Hannibal, making him earn even more money than what he thought at first.
He just needed to play his cards at the right time, tricking the man into telling him where he was planning to sleep for the night, only to stumble in that room as a "mistake" while he was searching for the bathroom.
Then, after that, everything will go right as rain.
Yes, Frederick could already imagine it.
The knife tightly held in his hand, the red blood that will soon dirty the sheets of Hannibal's bed. The pretty screams and the even prettier begs of that lovely boy, meant only for Frederick to hear them, in a desperate request to let him live.
Fortunately for him the man was planning to let him be more alive than ever, not wanting for such a beautiful boy like him go to waste in the sweet embrace of death. No, he had better plans for him, plans that involved a great deal of satisfaction for Frederick.

It wasn't unusual for Frederick to try to think about the outcome of his actions, wanting to be sort of prepared for what he was going to do in the near future.
However, this time was different from the previous ones.
The scene of all of his actions immediately passed inside his mind, making the man live those moments in just a few seconds. Seconds that felt to him like hours, almost making him fall on the ground because of his shaking knees.
He wasn't sure why but those images didn't feel right to him, and it wasn't because he had never killed someone before. No, he had plenty of experience doing that, especially because this wasn't the first time he decided to steal something valuable just to sell it on the black market, wanting to keep his luxurious lifestyle forever.
No, there was something very different this time, even if he couldn't recall what was the element that made him feel this way. Or even the images that he just saw a few moments ago.
However he had little to no time to think about that, trying to immediately focus on what Hannibal was telling him, moving his gaze from the floor under his feet to the face of the man. The same honey-colored eyes now staring at him one more time.

"Are you feeling ok, Mr.Chilton? I hope that those images aren't hurting your sensibility. They are a bit crude, something that most of the normal audience can't handle" the older man told him, looking at the brunette for a few seconds more before moving his gaze away from him. Now focused on the painting that was hanging on the wall, just right in front of the figure of the brunette.

It was a framed illustration, its edges being covered by a gold frame, adding to the vibe of it a nice detail that surely would have made the value increase even more than how it originally was.
That was, if anyone would have ever be interested in buying some piece of art that represented and reminded to the people one of the darkest side of the human history. Especially if it was being showed to everyone in such a crude and accurate way, leaving nothing to the human imagination.
Something that Frederick wasn't a fan of, always trying to avoid that kind of art that would go too deep inside the gore side of humanity, drawing and emphasizing every little detail of the torture used on the unfortunate human being.

Especially when the tortured men looked so much like Frederick himself, making him blink his eyes a few times, wanting to be sure that what he was seeing was the truth and the reality and not a joke of his brain.
However, unfortunately for him, his mind wasn't playing any kind of prank on him, showing to his eyes the exact thing that had been painted by some nameless artist a long time ago.

The man wasn't sure about why those prisoners, a name gave to them because of what they looked like, were being tortured. But he could clearly tell by the look in their eyes that everything that was being done to them was very painful.

One of them was lying on his back over a wood table, both his wrists were being tied together by a nameless and faceless figure. Their face completely blank, every trait that could have reconducted it to a human being was now completely erased.
The man's ankles too were tied together and to the wood, just a few inches away from the end of it, forcing the tortured prisoner to keep his knees bent, almost as if they had to press against his chest.
A sword could be clearly seen being slowly, so slowly, pushed inside and trough his chest by the faceless figure, making the man scream in pain and agony.
A scream that, in Frederick's opinion, could be heard in all of the caste. The echo of it resonating inside all of the corridors and rooms that composed the building.

Something that immediately made the man turn his head to the side, forcing him to look at Hannibal with a visible expression of fear and confusion on his face.

"Did you hear that? Someone just.." Frederick started to say, looking at Hannibal with a questioning gaze and an even more scare expression, not sure about why the other man was looking at him with such a relaxed and calm face. As if nothing had just happened, as if the scream that he just heard and that right ow was resonating inside his mind was just something that he had imagined.
"Hear what, Mr.Chilton?" was everything that Hannibal told him, letting the silence of the castle fill the walls and every space around them.

To say that everything, right now, to Frederik felt confusing would have been a misunderstanding.
The man was sure that he had heard someone, himself, screaming in pain. A not so silent request for help, to make that torture stop, to not feel the blade anymore going through his meat.

A loud request for mercy, wanting for the sweet embrace of death to finally welcome him into its realm.

However, something like that would have been to absurd and weird. Almost something paranormal.
And, of course, things like that didn't exists. Ghosts, werewolves, demons or even vampires were only the children of people with a too vivid imagination, wanting to believe that they could have been something special in the real world.
Yeah, everything that he just experienced must be because he was pretty tired and kinda exhausted by the long journey he jut had. His brain playing even more jokes on him, the paintings that represented almost only torture scene the perfect accomplice to make him have his mind break down a little bit.

"…Nothing, Mr.Lecter.
I just must be tired from the long journey" he said in the end, trying to dismiss everything he had said previously. Just wanting to keep going with the tour of the castle, patiently waiting to see everyone of the paintings that the man owned. Studying them carefully, writing down mentally all of their positions and how much their value was.
He also was eager to see where he was going to spend the night, eagerly hoping to see where the brunette's chamber was.

After all, yes he had planned to kill Hannibal so that no witnesses would be left in the castle, making his job easier and allowing him to steal everything he wanted without having to worry about anyone.
But he also had planned to take that very beautiful brunette with him, feeling the desire to have his pretty and rosey lips all over his pair. Feeling the desire to have his body between his hands, tightening the grip that he had on that pale skin until a red mark was beginning to appear on it.

However, once again, his thoughts had been interrupted by the voice of the other man, bringing him back to reality and making him focus his attention on the present moment he was living.
"Yes, you must be.
Maybe we should post-pone our conversation to a further moment when you will be in a better condition.
After all dinner will be ready soon, and I still have to show you the chamber where you'll spend the night" Hannibal said, offering to the brunette once again his always present smile and a little nod. His attention and gaze now moving away from the painting and going back to the corridor in front of him.
The light of the candles still lightening their path greatly.

"I just hope this paintings won't keep you from sleeping tonight.
Some scenes are, after all, not for everyone's stomach" the older man added once again, slowly starting to walk away from the painting they had looked at for a few minutes, carefully listening to the uncertain steps behind him. A sign that Frederick was dutifully following him in the right direction.
"Even though they represent daily scenes that our predecessors used to live everyday" he

continued to say, explaining to Frederick the fact that most of the paintings that they were seeing and that were hanging on the walls were scenes of public tortures.

A public reminder to everyone that every crime, no matter how big or little that was, was going to be punished in the most painful and remarkable way. A silent manipulation to induce every one to no commit any kind of crime that could lead them to be in that same space, being tortured and killed in the most slow and painful way for everyone to see.
A silent lesson that revealed itself very useful in the long term, something meant to punish the single person to educate an entire population.

To say that Hannibal had planned a too much of a fancy dinner would be a misunderstanding in Frederick's eyes. The brunette too used to simple dinners, often based on maybe one dish and a bottle of a not so decent wine, to truly appreciate what the older man had planned for himself, his lovely Will and the guest that he will have that night.
Something that for both, the curly brunette and the long haired man, was the usual and the normality of every dinner they had spent together since the first time they met. A long time ago.

Since then, Hannibal had found again the pleasure to cook for someone, and not only for himself. The pleasure to finally put his entire heart into something, meant to be appreciated at his fullest by a person who could truly see and understand Hannibal.
Something that could hide a true meaning behind itself, behind the actions and the process that lead such a simple and useless thing that could be seen as a human heart to a piece of art.
An artistic declaration of love, meant only for that one person who could close their eyes, letting himself be abandoned by the rational thinking before fully welcoming the emotions that His Hannibal had put behind the creation of that dish.

A true declaration of love.

But, of course, Frederick was too focused only on the outside and on those that seemed fancy names of the dishes to really understand what were the origins of such delicacies that Hannibal had decided to prepare.
Yes, he mostly cooked them to appeal his own sophisticated taste, and for his little challenge to finally make Will appreciate more of what the man would call "a fine compromise".
But, of course, it would have been rude to only provide for his lover's needs, not even caring to make it look like he had cooked with pleasure or even just a tiny bit of willingness for the guest that had intruded himself forcefully in such a lovely night between Hannibal and Will.

And, after all, Hannibal had always been careful with what he put inside of his body. Craving and pretending only the finest meat, raising it since the beginning until the end of their life.
A smirk always present on his face.

"For our first course I had decided to prepare something simple and light.
Its name is Lomo Saltado with a side of spicy curly fires, the writer's quills and carrot slaw" Hannibal said in a low voice, slowly walking toward Frederick who was trying to stay still in his seat. His body trembling a bit because of the suggestive environment he was in that exact moment.

He was sitting on the chair right to the left of Hannibal's one, his eyes and gaze focused on the brunette in front of himself, the same brunette that he had saw for the first time just a few hours ago.
The same brunette that he promised to himself he was going to make his.

It was a bit hard for the man to listen to what Hannibal was telling them, his full attention focused on the little smirk that now was resting on Will's lips, making him think that the little and teasing gesture was directed to him and nobody else. Even if his blue eyes weren't directly staring at him but at the figure of the older man, who now was taking his own seat at the head of the table.
His voice never stopping to fill the room, talking about whatever dish they were going to eat and reminding Will to behave properly because of their special guest.

"After all, we want to offer to Mr.Chilton here the best experience, don't we Will?" Hannibal then asked, moving his gaze away from the curly brunette that was his lover to stare directly at the other brunette in the room, offering him the same polite smile that didn't let any kind of emotion be shown.
"Of course, my love. We only want the best for him" Will then continued to say, offering to Frederick that kind of smirk that everyone in this world would think was some sort of teasing smirk. Meant to make the other man understand that the brunette had some sort of interest in his person, wanting to know more about him in a more personal and sexual way.
Or, at least, that was what Frederick thought. His ego so big that he was sure that Hannibal's so called lover was clearly flirting with him.

However that was a thought that would have waited more private and personal moments to be explored, not wanting to show to the older man his interest toward the one who was supposed to be his lover but who was so eager to cheat on him.
But, after all, who could blame the poor Will? Being forced to live the same lifestyle that Hannibal decided to follow surely was a torture, especially for such a fine and young man like him. It was clear that he craved someone to finally give him what he craved and desired, saving him from the old man that clearly couldn't satisfy him properly.

Frederick wanted to say something, to at least give to Hannibal and Will the impression that he had payed attention to what they had told him and that he was listening to them, instead of focusing himself on all of the things he would have liked to do to the brunette in front of him. His eyes never leaving his lips, that now had a lovely shade of red because of the sauce that was dirtying them.
Unfortunately, or fortunately for him, the man was being interrupted even before he had the possibility to open his mouth, the voice of Will now filling the room with something that could remember a moan.

"You never cease to surprise me, my love.
What kind of animal did you slaughtered to cook a meat so sweet and soft?" the curly brunette asked to his lover, his mouth letting another moan escape his lips. Something that he enjoyed to do to show to Hannibal how much he liked what his lover had cooked for him, and because he knew that it was one of the best ways to make him jealous because of the guests that could hear him.

Especially if said guest couldn't force himself to look away from him and from the tip of his tongue, now slowly licking away the red sauce that was still resting on the lower lip.

"Pork" it was everything that Hannibal said, taking another bite of meat from his plate, carefully and lightly covered in sauce, before focusing his attention and his gaze on Will. His expression serious, as if he wanted to give him a silent warning and to tell him to stop what he was doing.
A warning that the brunette decided to totally ignore, quickly finishing the last bite of the meat that was inside of his mouth before standing up from his chair. His slim figure slowly rising in front of Frederick, gifting him the beautiful sight that was that creature that everyone would call angel but that he had learned to call Will.

"Was it fun? I bet it was, my love.
After all you always had some sort of talent to chose the right pig ad the perfect meat for every dish that you decided to cook for me" the man said, slowly walking toward Hannibal until he was standing right by his side. His left hand now carefully going down to grab the napkin that was laying on the older man's lap, wanting to take his rightful place for the night.
A motion that was immediately stopped by Hannibal, who gently grabbed at his hand before he could actually do something. Frederick's gaze never leaving the scene that was happening right in front of him.

"Behave yourself, Will.
We have guests after all, and I won't be able to properly punish you for a long time since my attention will be always focused on them" the man told him, glancing for just a second to the other brunette, who now was trying to act as if he was very focused and concentrated on finishing his meal instead of letting his lustful gaze wander all over Will's body.

"And, if your behavior will satisfy me enough I will give you one of your favorite rewards.
After all, the cat always had fun in letting the mouse think that they were playing his game all along" it was the last thing that Hannibal said, whispering that last sentence right in the brunette's ear, hiding that gesture away with a little and simple kiss on his lips.
A gesture meant for the older man to tell to the boy to go back to sit on his chair, making him wait patiently for he next course that will be served soon.

Will waited a few seconds, contemplating if he should have obeyed him or if he should continue to play his little game with the other man, finding the whole situation and the very hidden jealousy of his lover very amusing.
However, he perfectly knew what was going to happen to him if he didn't behaved properly, leading Hannibal to not make him cum tonight and to give to him only a night spent on the edge of release without really getting there.
So, in the end, the brunette decided to behave, going back to his seat with a slow pace. His whole body, even if covered by many layers of clothes and fabric, still gracefully swaying in a graceful dance meant for his lover only.

Something that didn't go unnoticed by Frederick, who kept his eyes and gaze fully focused on the boy's body and lips for all of the time, moving them away only when he heard some noises coming from his side. Quickly followed by the apparition of a hand that was now grabbing his empty plate and his cultery, making the man throw a very confused glance at

Hannibal who now was politely smiling at him.
“It’s good tradition to change the culteries for every dish we serve and eat. An action so simple yet so useful, meant to preserve the true taste of the ingredients and of the dish we are going to enjoy.” He explained to the brunette, slowly taking his own things and Will’s one before walking away and outside of the room, leaving both his lover and Frederick alone. Something that the curly brunette was going to take full advantage of, already knowing fully well about all of the glances and about all of the looks that the other man reserved for him. Making his plan become even more funnier and sweeter than how much he had planned for it to be.

After all, they always loved to play cat and mouse with the new toys that they lured inside the castle.

“You don’t seem to like Hannibal’s taste when it comes to what we put inside our mouth and stomach.
He always insist in cooking every singe dish by himself, choosing only the best ingredients and the best cuts of meat.” Will said after a few seconds, carefully waiting for his lover to disappear behind the door that would have lead him inside the kitchen before slowly starting to get up from his chair.
The jacket and shirt he had been wearing all of the time now unbuttoned, giving to Frederick the chance to glimpse at the bare and naked chest of the brunette. Something that he was appreciating very much, thinking about how much he would have loved to leave some red and purple marks on that white skin.

“On the other hand, you seem very interested in something else” he then continued, speaking every word with every step he took toward the man, looking at him with an expression that was a mix of something predatory and teasingly.
His hands slowly reaching for Frederick’s shoulders once Will had took his place, standing behind his guest. His face and lips so close to his ear, whispering words filled with promises of nights of passion and pure bliss and lust.
Something that Will called “A little reminder of what is expecting you tonight, if you keep pleasing me with you eyes and with your hidden thoughts”

It was in that moment, when he finished to whisper the last word, that the sound of a door being opened could be heard by both of them, making Will quickly going back to a standing position and turn his body to the side. His hand raised and pointing to the painting that he was facing.
His voice tone now more polite and emotionless, deprived of all of the lust and tease that he had used before when he was alone with the other man.

“Hannibal painted that himself too, in memory of what I was before and that I would never be again.
He called it ‘Last night in a mortal world’ ” Will stared to explain to Frederick, who now was trying to act as if nothing had happened before and that he was being very interested and focused on what the boy was telling him. Even if his brain was refusing to properly work, always going back to those words that had been whispered in his ear.
Thoughts that were, once again, brutally interrupted by another voice. A lower and deeper

one, immediately followed by steps slowly approaching them before stopping right beside Will.

“It’s one of my favorite memories with you, mylimasis.
Our first real night together. Your first night as the beautiful creature and angel you are meant to be” Hannibal reminded the brunette, staring with him at the beautiful colors and lines that were resting on the painting in front of them. The two figures reminding them so much of who Hannibal’s lover used to be, but also reminding them of the beautiful night when he finally became his true self.

Frederick couldn’t help himself, turning both his head and his body to stare at what piece of art the other two men were talking about, wanting to satisfy his curiosity but also wanting to look trustful in Hannibal’s eyes. After all if he really was going to play along with whatever plan Will had thought he couldn’t afford for the older man to discover what they both had in mind.
And it was in that moment, right when his eyes met those of the dying figure in the painting, that he truly understood what he was looking at.
Or that was what he thought.

Yes, on the outside all od the three men were watching the same exact thing.
Two naked figures, almost hugging each other in a sweet embrace that could remind both the one of a lover and the one of death.
But Frederick’s eyes and mind couldn’t go over what was the external appearance of it, he couldn’t even hope to understand the real meaning that the scene in front of him had. And, partly, it wasn’t his fault.
After all they had been so careful to keep everything that they truly were too themselves, at least for the beginning of their story, when common people still thought that creatures like Will and Hannibal could really exist.

However, with time, people had started to forget everything that those who lived on earth before them believed in, calling all of them crazy or just saying that everything was some sort of imaginary thing or perception created by their mind.
But, of course, to Hannibal’s and Will’s mind the memories of all of those times that now were only studied in history books were still vivid and alive in their minds. Exactly like the memory of that specific night, when Will finally embraced what he truly was meant to be.

“I understand where Mr.Lecter took the inspiration for this painting, but I don’t think I truly understand why you decided to modify it. Wasn’t the statue of Amore e Psyche already a beautiful sign of love by itself?" it was Frederick’s turn to interrupt both Hannibal and Will walk down the path of memories, making the brunette slowly close his eyes while the older man tried to comfort him by putting his left hand on one of his shoulders.
The beautiful sensations of that day now quickly rushing through both of their body, making them live once again what had happened to them that fateful day.
Hannibal’s voice now filing the once so silent room.

“Because if I represented our love as the one told in the story by simple human beings then it wouldn’t be truthful to the real origins of what my dear Will was truly meant to be.”

“You won’t be able to go back to your life, Will.
Are you sure that you want that for you” Hannibal asked him, his white, sharp canine slowly caressing the skin of the brunette’s neck. Soft whimpers being forced out of his mouth because of the attentions he was receiving, making it difficult for him to fully concentrate on what his lover was asking him.
Pleasure and lust now clouding his mind and thoughts, bringing him closer and closer to the point of no return.
The point where, once trespassed that, his sins will be forgiven no more by those who lived above him.

But did they really lived above him? Or did they always forced Will to believe that because it would have been easier for them to manipulate and force him into submission.
Were really the Saints and God the ones living above him? Or maybe, behind that sea of clouds and light that always managed to remind him of his role, was someone else that nobody talked about.
Too scared to speak or to even think about the truth, preferring to hide their whole existence behind a pretty lie.

However, that life and that lie never fitted the brunette too much. His body and mind always telling him that there was something else behind the stories that everyone had always told him. Behind the paintings and the clouds that he always used to admire from afar, too scared and unsure about what he would have found to really do something to discover the truth.
After all, if they did what they did to him, and to others like him, it was just because they wanted for the angels to be safe, right?

Wrong. Oh, that was so wrong.

It was Hannibal the one who showed him that, making the angel notice how sweet and pleasant life could be, without the restrictions and the rules that the one above him had always forced him to respect.
Without the chains keeping him bonded to the human realm.
Will could finally be able to see what they had kept hidden form him for all of this years, finally be able to see the truth that he didn’t know he was seeking.
The truth that he had always craved to know but that he wasn’t ready to accept. Not without a little help by his side.
Not without a little help by the one who really was living above all of them.

“It’s what I always wanted.
I was just too blind to see that, but now I have you to show me the way.” Will said in a whisper, closing his eyes before pushing his head a bit to the side. His white and unmarked skin, as pure as the one of the creature he was meant to be, now completely being offered to the creature in front of him.
The creature that he had learned to love in just one life time and that he swore to spend his

eternity with.
No matter what the price would be.

Will wanted to Sin. And he wanted to Sin with him.

It was in that moment, in that beautiful and intense moment, that the brunette could start to feel the sharp pain of something biting his neck. Blood quickly starting to run down his skin, being completely drained by his body in favor to feed someone more powerful than him.
However, that wasn't the only thing that he was feeling right now.
No.

Will could clearly feel the energies quickly leaving his body, forcing him to kneel on the ground first before almost falling on it, grabbing at Hannibals' shirt in a vain attempt to not allow his wings to touch the dirty ground.
He never liked to dirty them, not wanting for them to change heir beautiful white color that had always being the only thing that he loved about himself. A gentle, and always present, reminding of who he truly was and what he was truly meant to be, even if the other wanted for him to hide that.

And it was in that moment, in that exact moment, that he could feel one of Hannibal's hands gently placing itself on his back. Keeping his body to completely touch the ground beneath them.
The older man's body now covering his own, as if he wanted to protect him from everyone that could have looked at him even if for one second. Hannibal wanting to be the only one to own the privilege to see Will, his Will, in such a magnificent way.

"Fall for me, my Angel" it was the only thing that Hannibal said in that moment.
A whisper confessed in the complete silence of the woods. Five words meant to shine in the rays of light of the moon.
A promise meant only for Will to be heard. A promise meant only for Hannibal to recite.
A promise meant for the both of them to be bonded together 'till the end of the days in this mortal world.

Will wasn't sure about what was happening to him, or why he was feeling something warm rolling down his back and wings. Or why he could smell and feel blood on his body.
The only thing he knew and that he was sure about in that moment was the fact that he was wrong to think that his wings could have never been more beautiful than how when they were white and pure.
Red suited them really well.

"See? This is what I've ever wanted for you, Will.
For both of us."
"It's beautiful"

He didn't notice that at first, his mind too focused on reliving the events of that day to even realize what was happening around him. Or even to comprehend what was surrounding him. Everything looked blurred to his eyes, as if he was slowly waking up from a dream that had

kept him asleep for many years, and his eyes had to slowly gain back the ability to see once again in the dim light of the candles that were scattered all around the room.

It actually took Will a few seconds to recognize where he was, remembering only in that moment that Hannibal had invited what was still their guest to have dinner with them.
Lustful looks and subtle words were whispered between and Frederick, hiding what was going on between them from the eyes and the ears of who was being the very nice and polite host.
The beginning of a little game created by the brunette many years ago, where only he knew who the participants were and where only he knew the rules of that.

However, as he realized after a while, he wasn't standing where he was when his damned soul had decided to leave his body in favor to walk once again down the path of his memories, making him feel on his skin and wings once again those sensations he felt a long time ago.
Indeed, he was standing right in front of the painting that Hannibal made that day, as if wanting to have a vivid proof of what had really happened between them.
Something to remind the older and the newer generations of angels what had happened to that who once was being called "God's favorite"

"That kind of love meant only for us to feel and witness.
And to experience" the brunette said after a while, breaking the silence that now was religiously filling the room. Nobody daring to shatter that sound, too afraid of loosing the bliss that had been created just right for the two of them.
Just for Hannibal and Will.

"That kind of love meant to condemn you to an eternity of darkness and damnation" Hannibal then whispered into Will's ear. His hand slowly caressing his back over the fabric of the clothes, making its way to the lower back of the brunette and resting there just for a few seconds.
His honey-colored eyes now focused on the hand of the brunette that now was letting its fingertips brush over the red paint that covered the pure white wings of the angel in front of himself.

"Once so white and so pure.
Now corrupted by blood" it was the last thing that Will said before feeling a sharp pain in his neck, making him almost hiss because of it. His right hand now raising to go to cover the side of his neck where he could still feel the sharp sensation of fangs breaking his skin.
The sensation of blood now rolling down that pale part of his body making him shiver against Hannibal's touch, who now was staring at him with an almost satisfied smirk on his lips.
"But I like them more now that they can be free"

A beautiful moment shared between the two of them, abruptly interrupted by Frederick who, still a few steps behind them, was now trying to catch once again their attention by faking a cough.
Both Hannibal and Will turning their head and body to stare at him right now.
A neutral expression now resting on the older man's face, in total contrast to the one that had appeared on the brunette's one. Even if Frederick wasn't able to read it or to understand what

it meant, deciding to brush it off as some sort of annoyance because of Hannibal's touch on his body.

They stared at each others for a few seconds Frederick's eyes never leaving Will's figure. As if he was trying to silently telling him something, thinking that the brunette could totally understand him without even saying a word. And he was right, the fallen angel could clearly understand what Frederick as trying to tell him, seeing all of the thoughts that were running inside of his mind.
From the hungriness for something that wasn't food to the despise that he was feeling right now for Hannibal, who had committed the crime to put his hands on something that the man considered was already his.

Will would have laughed if Hannibal didn't find it rude.
The idea of the man in front of him really thinking that Will was really going to be his for ever really amused him, making the brunette almost smirk in delight at the mere thought of all of the things he will be able to do once he decided that he finally had enough of the man's existence.
If Hannibal didn't get too jealous first, of course.

It had always been something that amused Will, Hannibal's jealousy. Finding it both amusing and, sometimes, something that he would have liked to complain about.
But not because it was that kind of toxic jealousy, no, of course not.
It was because many times Will wished to play with his prey a bit more, wanting to see them beg and whine and just being helpless because of him. Only for them to be killed shortly after by his lover because "It's not polite to play around with your food too much".

It was the excuse that Hannibal used every time he killed one of Will's new toy, looking at the brunette for a few seconds in the eyes before crushing his lips on the brunette's pair. Bloody hands always going to cares his cheeks, his neck, his chest. Red stains immediately being left behind, marking and dirtying the pale body of the brunette, gifting to him a nice touch of his lover's favorite color.
Color that was always soon added into his hair too, especially when Hannibal felt possessive enough to not be so gentle with his lover like he always was in moment like hose, immediately passing his hand between the brunette's hair before gripping at them and forcing Will's head back.

Moans and whines, of both pleasure and pain, always leaving his mouth immediately.
A grin appearing on Hannibal's lips, followed by a low growl and always the same whispered words, meant to remind Will who he belonged to.
"Don't forget your place, Will. Because it will be mine the name that you will scream tonight while writhing in pleasure.
Not theirs"

"I'm sorry, Mr.Chilton.
It's clear that Will and I had lost ourselves in the path of memories, letting our mind wonder a bit too much.
I hope you will forgive me for my impoliteness while I go to retrieve the second course of

our dinner.” The older man said, looking at Frederick with a polite smile on his face before excusing himself, leaving once again the room in favor of walking toward the kitchen.
Will and the other man now once again alone in the dining room, letting the atmosphere settling down to one filled with memories and feelings to one more filled with lust and mere physical desire.

Yes, that was the perfect scenario for what the curly brunette had planned, giving him the possibility to play once more with his and Hannibal’s guest. Turning him once more into a little toy into his hands, meant to delight him until he didn’t get too bored to play with him.
Or too hungry.
But that last part was something that Hannibal always took care of, never allowing anyone near the very accurate meat selected by Will and him together. Or even near the kitchen, if we wanted to be completely clear about that, finding that specific room his only and private realm, meant only for him.

He used to allow Will, sometimes, to assist him while being in the kitchen. Giving him very simple tasks that he would have had no problems to complete.
Unfortunately, or fortunately, for them the brunette always liked to be a tease and he found himself not being able to resist the urge to tease Hannibal a bit. Testing him and his patience.
They ended up fucking on the counter, the meat and all of the side ingredients they should have used to cook the main course for that night now long forgotten somewhere in the room.
I guess they decided to eat something else.

“I guess it’s only us for a while once again, should we take advantage of that?” Frederick asked Will, waking the brunette once again from his thoughts to bring him back to reality, reminding him once again of the pig that he was raising until he was finally ready to become his and Hannibal’s next dish.
It was a hard work, of course, to seduce and play with all of those men who really thought that they could have some kind of power over Will. Or that even thought that they were better than Hannibal.
Maybe they really were animals, after all, if they truly believed so.

“Hannibal will be back soon, and we can’t allow him to discover our little secret.
After all, we don’t want to spoil the surprise for him, do we?” Will told the man after a few seconds, turning his body so that he could stare directly at the brunette in the eyes. A teasing smirk quickly appearing on his lips, growing with every step he took to walk toward Frederick.
Will’s right hand now caressing the man’s cheek. His lips mere inches away from the man’s pair.
“I don’t want for our night of passion to be rushed, I want to properly savor every inch of you.
And, if I’m not wrong, the wait enhance the desire. Doesn’t it?”

His lips now only mere inches away from Frederick’s pair, so close that of one of them ever dared to lean just a bit toward the other their kiss would have become reality. And not anymore the mere and very distant dream of the man.
And Frederick would have done that, he would have loved to ignore Will’s desires and

request to just finally savor the taste of his lips, to finally have what was meant to be his. At least in his mind.
To show the boy who was in charge, in that moment, between the two of them.
However, fate didn't agree with his plan, making Will immediately take a few steps away from where he was, turning his head to the side and putting his right hand on the man's shoulder just in time to see Hannibal entering the room.
His gaze focused on them, a polite smile always on his lips, as if he didn't know or didn't want to understand what was going on between Will and Frederick.

Their dinner proceeded really well.
Hannibal decided to serve as the second dish "Lomo Saltado" with spicy curly fries, the writer's quills and carrot slaw.
"Something very simple but with an incredible taste" Hannibal had commented once he had served all of the three plates that had been in his hands just a few second before. His figure now taking once again his rightful place at the head of the table, politely smiling at both Will and Frederick before looking at them for a few seconds.
Will was the first one who had started to eat, quietly moaning once again when he took the first bite of the food, looking directly at the brunette man in front of him in the eyes.
Something that the older man noticed but decided to ignore, deciding that he was going to let Will have his way while he decided how to properly punish him that night.

Frederick started to eat immediately after hearing that sound, wanting to finish that ridiculous dinner as soon as possible.
He couldn't wait to finally have some time alone that night with Will, wanting to show him how his new life with Frederick will be and what was going to expect him when he will finally become his property.
Because he will, no matter if Will wanted that or not.

The all stayed silent during the whole dinner, even when Hannibal decided to clean once again their plates to bring out of the kitchen the final course. A simple but sweet dessert made specifically for that night, using only the most precious and rare ingredients, to assure to everyone who was going to eat it the most truthful experience in a matter of taste.

"Sanguinaccio dolce" was the name of the dessert, something that made Frederick raise one of his eyebrows when he heard the name, making him question if there was real blood in the ingredients used to make that dish or if the name was just something made up to cause a scene.
He had tried to ask that question to Will, with the results of being completely ignored in favor of the older man, who now was softly smiling at his lover while looking at him in the eyes.
"Your favorite, Mylimasis" three mere words whispered in the brunette's ear in a glimpse of an intimate moment, immediately interrupted to savor that in a more appropriate time.

Frederick even tried to ask his question to Hannibal, turning his head to look at him once he took his seat, only to be interrupted once again by Will. Who now was quickly standing up from his chair, slowly walking toward something that he couldn't recognize at first.
Not that he really did care about that, of course, especially when he could take advantage of

the beautiful view that the curly brunette was offering him not so subtly staring at his back and his ass.
However, his mind was immediately being brought back to reality when he heard the sound of bells ringing, as if they were in he middle of an abandoned church that had been neglected by everyone and everything for a very long time.

“It’s tradition of our people, to thank the gods for everything that they had allowed us to bring on this table. After all, if we have the possibilities to eat and feed ourselves thanks to the bodies and the blood of animals it’s only because of them” Will told to Frederick, once he got back on his seat. His eyes and gaze focused on the man in front of him, silently and very subtly enjoying the very bad hidden horrified look that he had on his face right now. Don’t get me wrong, Frederik never had problems with eating meat or anything like that. But he just felt uncomfortable with the reminder that what he was trying to convince himself was just some sort of very accurate sauce was in reality real blood from a real animal.

Something that hadn’t passed unnoticed by the older man, who now was intently looking at the brunette with a polite expression on his face. His voice tone always so low and calm, as if he was trying to reassure him and to put him at his ease. Even if he could clearly recognize a hint of something else, something that Frederick couldn’t really understand right now.
“I hope my Love didn’t put you into an uneasy situation by reminding you of what we are going to eat. He’s just really fond of our most ancients traditions, wanting to respect all of them and to pay his respects to the older gods that decided to bless him with his gifts” Hannibal explained to Frederick, still politely smiling at him. A red flash now appearing in the honey color of his eyes, making the brunette frown for a few seconds, trying to understand if he had imagined all of that or if what he saw was real.

Something that had been immediately interrupted by the younger brunette, making Frederick go back to reality and move his attention one again on his figure.
“So, shall we begin?”

A single drop was now falling into Will’s glass. A single, red drop that, to everyone, could have reminded of that sweet and tasty liquid that many had took the habitude to call wine. So bright in the light of the candles that were surrounding them, so tasty to the lips that now were savoring the sweet notes of that liquid. So precious to the one who, once, owned it inside of his body, making it flow to bring life inside every part of his flesh.
What a pity that the man who used to be alive couldn’t be there to discover how his own blood tasted once Hannibal had decided to turn it into wine, the most precious drink meant to satisfy the thirst of his Lover.
Of his Will.

A single drop was now rolling down Will’s chin. A single, red drop that, to everyone, could have reminded of that sweet and tasty liquid that many had took the habitude to call wine. Unfortunately for them, right now, the one thing that Will was drinking wasn’t wine. Not yet, at least.

Hannibal, his loved Hannibal, would have preferred for him to let the vampire do his work, letting him kill so slowly and so painfully the man who had dared to think that his precious and beloved Will could ever become his property. As if Will was a creature that you could own as a pet, that you could chain down and show off to the world.
What a fool that Frederick had been, thinking that he could escape what had been always his fate. Written down in stones that were more ancient that the world itself.
Thinking that he could escape the sweet and tempting embrace of death, by running away from what was the most beautiful angel that he had ever seen in his entire life.
And that he will see in the rest of the eternity.

After all, how could have been a better after life for someone who had lived his entire life in the name of temptation? Now was his turn to really feel what the real eternal damnation was.
And he was going to achieve that thanks to the hands and the mouth of the only Fallen Angel that could ever exist in this world.
After all, he had always been God's favorite and most beautiful angel of them all.
Will was destined to fall.

'Os iusti meditabur sapientiam ~ The mouth of the just shall meditate wisdom'
"You've played enough with him, Will. Don't you think?" Hannibal softly asked to his lover, his right hand now gently grabbing at the flash of the brunette's shoulder, making him turn his head a bit to the side.
Just enough for his eyes to catch a glimpse of that so pale and cold flesh, before going back to look at the face of the man who was now slowly dying between his arms.
Will holding that almost lifeless body against his chest. His once white shirt now ripped and covered in red, hot blood on the front.
The back of it now disappeared, leaving enough space for his red wings to finally be free once again, showing to Hannibal once again the creature that he had become thanks to him.

'Et lingua eius loquetur indicium ~ And his tongue shall speak judgement'
"It's what he deserve. The right punishment for the most horrendous crime that a human could ever commit in this world and in the ones beyond" Will told to his Lover, his mouth covered in wet, red blood, gifting to the vampire behind him one of the most beautiful visions that he could ever see in his entire existence.
His left hand still tight in its grip, keeping still the now pushed to the side head of the man, allowing him the perfect access to the flesh of his skin.
One of the most delicious parts of the human body, perfect to satisfy both his thirst and his hunger. Just like Hannibal had taught him that night.
His right hand still resting on the small back of the now dying man, keeping his body from falling on the cold ground beneath them.

"I am the rightful judge for the crimes committed by humanity" was everything that the brunette said before pushing his lips once again over Frederick's flesh, making that soft sensation linger just a bit more on his now completely naked chest. An act full of pity, meant to donate to the human a soft yet precious last instant of his life, before seeing everything slip away from his grasp.

Before seeing everything being tore apart right in front of his eyes, like Will was going to do with his still beating heart.

'Beatus vir qui suffer ~ Blessed the man who resists"
What was a choked scream almost left the brunette' mouth, even if he didn't have any more energies to let any kind of sound escape his mouth. The only thing that could be heard right now.
The silent plead of a man who was seeing his entire life being tore away from his chest, only too be devoured by those who had offered him the same thing.
Bloody hands now resting in front of his eyes, holding tight what once had been the heart beating inside of his chest, that now was going to become the sin of temptation that Eve had decided to eat in the Eden Garden.

'tentationem ~ temptation'
The first Sin ever that had ever being committed.
The result of the immense temptation that the devil had showed to those who was were so pure and innocent like the white feathers that the angels had on their wings.
The result of the first bite that Will took, making the blood and the flesh of that very still alive human heart dirty his mouth once more, reminding him of how it felt the first time he had done so.
Reminding him of the immense pleasure that only Hannibal was able to give him.
A temptation and a pleasure that, soon, Hannibal was going to share with him. Taking one lustful bite from what now was only a mere reminder of a human heart.
A now lifeless and meaningless piece of meat.

'quoniqm cum probates fuerit accipient coronam vitae'

Gentle hands were now getting closer and closer to Frederick's head, one last gesture of pity and sweetness to make his body rest for eternity in what they deemed being a comfortable position.
An action meant to bring a last appearance of modesty to the body of one who once was a sinner. Now become a saint in death and pain, meant to spend all of the time of his eternity searching for a pair of white and red wings hat belong to an angel.
To the most beautiful angel that heaven and hell will ever see.
The only angel that could gift him once again the sweet and precious embrace of life.
Or death.

"Since he, with striving, shall receive the crown of life" was everything that Will said, slowly placing the crown of thorns over Frederick's head.
Small drops of blood dirtying the thorns that adorned it, giving to it and to the lifeless and pale body the ony hint of color that they will ever receive from now on.
Both in life and death.

The room was silent now. Nothing could be heard by Frederick in that moment.
Not even those muffled voices that were clearly trying to speak to him, or that were speaking to each other, now slowly becoming louder and louder. Clearer and Clearer.

Until those sounds finally became something that he could truly recognize as words of concern directed to him personally, trying to understand I he was still alive or if his hour had finally arrived.
He didn't know what would have been the best option for him, especially not what he dream about just a few seconds before.
If that was really a dream.

"Ah, Mr.Chilton.
You're finally back to the world of the living" a low voice said, probably Hannibal's one, just a few seconds before the man could feel a wet patch being pressed against his forehead. Cold drops of water now running down the side of his face, reaching his throat and making a shiver run through his spine.
"I told you he was still alive, but you didn't believe me" a much younger and teasing voice, Will probably, was now talking. Offering to the older man a little smirk that was immediately met by a serious look.
As if Will wasn't the one hat, just a second before, was joking around the fact that they might have gone too far with him. Spoiling all of the fun.

But, of course, Frederick didn't have to know that.

A Few more minutes had passed. Now Frederick wasn't laying anymore on the ground, his figure not so much comfortably sitting on the cold floor. Will's right hand gently resting on his higher back, helping him to not fall once again. A fake gesture of kindness, meant for the brunette to really check his prey's conditions, masking everything with just the right hint of worry.
The man wanted to ask to Will, or Hannibal too, what had happened to him. His mind trying to remember but not really being able to complete that task.

He remembered that they were at the end of that meal, eating some sort of dessert made with blood or something like that. The sweet taste of it, mixed to the slight taste of iron till lingering on his lips, making his body shiver once again.
He then remembered the little speech that Hannibal gave him, explaining to the brunette something about thanking the gods or shit like that.
And then he remembered his last memory, the only scene that had played in the back of his mind before everything went black again, sending his body and mind in a spiral of confusion and tiredness.
The headache the was experiencing right now too bad for him to continue to think further about what had happened to him.

Many thoughts were now in his mind, many words and questions were playing inside of it, making Frederick almost question his own sanity and the fact that he was really awake and not in some sort of a realistic dream.
But, of course, none of the things that he saw could be real.
Right?

"Can I go back to my room?"

It was the middle of the night, maybe 2 or 3 am, if the brunette wanted to be somehow specific.
Not that it really mattered, of course, especially because time was nothing but a very distorted dream that quickly turned into a joke for those who dared to adventure themselves inside that castle.
A dream from where you could never wake up again, destined to feel only the sweet and cold embrace of death since the moment that you decided to go trough those doors.

But, of course, Frederick couldn't know that. Nor he did want to.
His attention too focused on his very hard and complicate task, wanting to make as less noises as possible while he was slowly getting out of his room. His body covered only by those now washed clothes that he used to wear once he found the castle for the first time. With only the difference that he now was wearing a pair of black gloves, meant to not leave any traces of his fingerprint on the silver knife he was going to use soon.

A funny joke, really, the fact that he was going to use such a noble and efficient material for what he had planned, even if he didn't know the full importance of the weapon he hold into his hands.
But, of course, he had to take care of something else first before he finally decided to go along with his second plan for the night.
After all, even if he took a liking in that curly brunette that seemed to not want to leave his mind and thought, he always preferred money to the other pleasures of life.

"Money will buy me everything I want. Everyone and everything has its price, after all" it was what he kept telling himself every time he dared to commit a crime meant to bring eve more wealth to his life.
A sort of justification for those who he decided to leave behind, preferring to experience those other adventures later instead of letting the lust have the best of him in night like this. However, unfortunately for him, tonight was going to be different.

If only the brunette knew better, if only he knew that following those sweet notes of a piano would have brought him to the end of his journey on this world.
How unfortunate for him, the only time that the man decided to not let his philosophy win over his desires, thinking that he would have had time in the future to do those things.
To have younger and petit lovers, with beautiful and curly brunette hair. Lovers who would have watched him in the eyes, making him stare directly into the depths of the ocean.
But, of course, sooner or lather his lust would have inevitably called him to finally claim the prizes that he claimed to deserve.
And that night had finally arrived.

It didn't take long for Frederick to find the source of that so simple but so beautiful music, hearing it coming from the inside of a room just a few meters away from where he was standing right now. Its door not fully closed, letting just a glimpse of light be seen from the corridor. The notes of the piano becoming louder and louder the more that the man got close to the source of that light and that music.
However, as he realized only after a few minutes, those sounds that could be heard in the

dark and silence of the night weren't only the sweet notes of a piano. So gracefully played, meant to delight everyone who was listening to it.

No, he could hear something else too.
Something that Frederick would have never thought that he could have heard that night, thinking that he would have to wait many nights after that to hear such a delightful sound.
Thinking that he would have had to force himself and his orders on such a beautiful creature, to make him let out of his mouth the sounds of sweet whimpers and soft moans.
But no, Frederick was having the pleasure and the rare occasion to hearing them just now, as if they were a gift from the gods he didn't believed they existed.
Or, maybe, it was a gift being sent to him directly by that who everyone swore to hate but that everyone, one way or another, found themselves worship and pray in order to receive what they had always wanted in life.
The devil.

Frederick didn't care much, not tow that he was standing right in front of the door. His eye peering inside the room thanks to the door being left a bit open, allowing everyone who was curious and brave enough to have a quick glance at what was happening right now before his eyes.
Will's body was laying naked at the center of that king sized bed, the red and black silk sheets carefully hugging his figure, covering some parts of his beautiful body but letting the most important ones exposed.
Allowing, once again, Frederick to have a sight of a spectacle that was meant for someone else.

Not that he knew that, and even if he did, the man could have not cared less.
Especially when he had the possibility to let his gaze roam all over the brunette's body, focusing on that so beautiful and so pale skin, contaminated by red bite marks that hadn't been left by him.
A pity, really, but he could leave other marks on his body in the future. Something meant to erase and cover those that were already there before leaving new ones.
As if Frederick had to mark the brunette, showing him who he truly belonged to.

But Will already knew who he belonged to, something that he wasn't going to forget nor now nor never.
Especially because, right now, in that moment of full pleasure and desire, everyone of his movements and everyone of his actions were being controlled by the creature who managed to steal his heart a long time ago.
Now sitting on a chair right in front of Will, his body completely covered by his clothes, a smirk always present on his lips.
The sound of his voice low and firm, making shivers run down the brunette's spine every time that Hannibal said something. May that be to slow down the movements of his hands, not wanting for him to come yet, or maybe telling him to quicken the pace. Wanting to hear those lovely sounds that never failed to escape his lips.
Sounds that were always followed by soft praises, meant for Hannibal to let Will know what a good pet he was being for him, following everyone of his orders.

However, both the man's figure and voice were being kept hidden from the other brunette, who now was still staring at the naked body of Will. Enjoying the spectacle in front of him without even a hint of shame or embarrassment, thinking that the boy was putting on a show just for him.
After all, it was clear to Frederick that Will had took an interest in him, preferring the brunette to the man who was supposed to be his partner.
"Can I blame him?" it was everything that the man thought, thinking once again at the figure of Hannibal and at all of the weird things that he did and said.
After all, in Frederick's mind, it was only normal for Will to prefer a younger and better man like himself to someone like Hannibal who had nothing to offer if not a rare collection of paintings.

A collection that soon won't belong to him anymore.
After all, dead bodies can't own anything, right?

Unfortunately for him his thoughts were being interrupted once again by a loud moan, making Frederick come back to reality and focus his attention once again on the most important things.
Things like the trembling body of the boy in front of him, who was clearly so close to coming, and yet he couldn't allow himself to do so. Even if his hand was moving up and down his long shaft in a steady pace, making his hips raise and buckle up in his fist.
The pleasure too much for him in that moment, bringing him closer and closer to the edge.
A question now immediately appearing in the mind of the brunette man, making him almost lose the concentration he had on the boy in front of him.
"If Will, my dear Will, is so close to coming, why doesn't he allow himself to give up and to loose his mind into the pleasure that the orgasm will bring to him?"

Of course, those weren't his exact words, his brain too lost in lust and in the moment to actually think about something even a bit elaborate or coherent.
But the meaning was exactly that, wondering why deny himself of such pleasure without an apparent reason.
Well, maybe there was a reason after all behind all of that scene, a reason that Frederick hadn't discovered yet but that he was going to approach soon.
The hard truth of that moment crushing on him in that moment, crushing all of his fantasies and bringing him back to a world that wasn't never meant to be his. To a world that could and would show him the truth, if Frederick only had enough time to witness the reality of things.
However, fortunately, or even unfortunately, for him it would still take him a while to finally realize what was going to happen to him. And the fact that, despise him always thinking so, the brunette had never been the one who was in charge of it.

Will's moans now becoming louder and louder, covering the sounds of firm footsteps slowly approaching the bed where Will was laying, progressively revealing to Frederick the fact that, despise what he had always thought until now, the object of his attention had never been the only one in the room.
Hannibal's slender figure and body being hidden by the wall the whole time Frederick had been there, thinking that the one in front of him was a spectacle only for his eyes and for nobody else.

And, if he had to admit that, he found himself rather jealous about the fact that his soon to be pet was being watched by someone else.

However, as the man thought in that moment, the fact that now Hannibal was slowly, so slowly, approaching Will and the bed could mean only one thing.
Frederick was finally, finally, going to witness the only thing that he wanted to admire since when he had discovered that little private moment between his pet and the other man.
Frederick was finally going to see Will's coming, immediately focusing his eyes and attention on the face of the curly brunette, to not lose even a single, little detail of what was going to happen in just a few seconds.
Yes, he was going to see that, to admire that scene. Printing everything in his mind for him to revive that moment in a not so distant future.

A plan that would have been perfect, if Hannibal didn't decided to join his lover on the bed.
Covering Will's naked body with his own, his head now tilted to the side as if he was going to kiss that pure and pale skin of the boy, leaving marks of bites on the flesh.
A gesture that made the brunette moan even more, his free hand now going to grip at the older man's hair, messing with them and tightening the grip he had on them, as if he was trying to find a way to grind himself to reality.
As if he wanted to be present in that moment, to live every moment and every sensation of it on his skin and body.

"Stop."
And it was in that moment, thanks to just a silent and simple word, that everything stopped.
The brunette now forcing his hand to stay still, closing shout his mouth to let any kind of sound escape from it, while hot tears were now running down his cheeks.
The world feeling so silent now, as if not even the earth itself wanted to interrupt that moment. So pure yet so…
Corrupted.

"You're not to come yet, my dear Will.
I do not appreciate the presence of an audience, especially when we all know that your pleasure is mine and mine only." It was everything that Hannibal said, his voice low and firm.
As if he wanted only for Will to hear what he was going to say next, almost acting like a man whispering sweet nothings to his lover, wanting only for him to hear those things.
Wanting only for him to be worthy of witnessing and experiencing true love.

It was in that moment, in that specific moment, that Will turned his head to the side.
His blue eyes now looking at Frederick, staring right into his souls, as if he could see everything that he had done in the past. As if he could judge him just by a look, perfectly knowing what he had done and what he was going to do. But, mostly, what he was doing right now.
All of this while wearing the most beautiful, pure and innocent smile on his face.
Something that made a single thought appear in the mind of the man. A thought that will play until the end of his days on earth.

"I need to run away from them"

Chapter 3

“I need to run away from them”

There was only one thought in Frederick’s mind in that moment. Run away from that castle. He couldn’t even think about the paintings that he had left behind in the corridor, abandoning them just in the place where he had been before loosing himself in the open-eyes dream that he had just a few minutes before, loosing his body and his mind into that beautiful sight that was Will Graham.
Yes, his beautiful beautiful Will, who he wanted to make his own pet since the first second he saw him. And Frederick intended to do so even now, even if he had clearly being discovered by the couple to enjoy himself in the sight of such an intimate moment between the two of them.

Maybe, if he was lucky enough, he could have played the whole situation in his favor, especially because Hannibal hadn’t saw him, only Will did, right?
And, after all, if he managed to play his cards right, he would encounter no difficulties to just convince, or force with hard manners, the brunette that he had imagined everything and that he wasn’t absolutely staring at him in such an intimate moment.
Indeed, he was fast asleep in his bed. His mind lost into a deep and dreamless sleep, that would have allowed him to wake up well rested and ready to begin his journey back to the village.
After all, he had indulged himself too much longer in Mr.Lecter’s humble castle and he really did have to go back to the village.

And, of course, he could have always came back to steal his dear Will from that life. Introducing him to something more suitable for who he really was.
His pet.

“Yes, that will do. I’ll just act like nothing happened and I’ll make everyone believe that I’ve always had been in the bedroom” Frederick told to himself, quickly walking toward the room that had been assigned to him for the night. Or at least that was what he was trying to do, the castle now feeling even bigger than how much it was before, making the man lose himself many times before finding out that he had been walking in circles all of this time.
It was as if the castle didn’t want for him to leave, always bringing him into a different direction. Pulling him toward a specific place decided by the castle itself.
Something that was making the man feel even more nervous about that situation, knowing fully well that Hannibal would asks him some questions if he ever found him wandering outside of the bedroom in the night.

Many thoughts were running inside Frederick’s mind in that moment, thoughts about very different topics. Going from making up lies about why he was still awake at that hour of the night, to poor excuses about why he was wandering in the castle even if Hannibal had told him a few times that for his safety he wouldn’t be allowed to wander alone at night.

His mind now filled with words and excuses, making it difficult for him to concentrate on where he was going in that moment, trying to focus on multiple things at the time.

It was becoming too much for the brunette. Too may things to think about, too many thoughts inside his head, too many excuses to make up, too many possibilities about what could have happen to him if Hannibal found out what had happened just some minutes before.
And that last one thought was the one that scared him the most, even if he didn't know why. Even if he didn't know why images of many tortured men were now playing inside his mind, making him hear and witness with his own ears and eyes all of the horrors that man was capable of doing.
Scenes of the most gruesome tortures now playing inside his head, making him shiver in fear and his heart rate start to quicken almost too much.
But why all of that was happening to him?

All of this continued for many minutes, quickly sending Frederick down a spiral of madness that was slowly sending him over the edge. He didn't know what was real and what was fake anymore, he didn't know if those screams that he was hearing in that moment were screams of real people or just a cruel joke that his mind was playing on him, suggested and manipulated by all of the horrors he had been witnessing during his whole permanence in the castle.
The stress of being caught by Hannibal, mixed with the stress of having to going back to his chamber like it was nothing and to fake that he had been sleeping inside of it all of this time, making his brain even more vulnerable to all of this.

Yes, usually he wouldn't have these kind of problems, knowing fully well that everything was going to be solved soon enough with the murder of Hannibal Lecter.
After all, it had always been his plan since he discovered that the man lived inside the castle and that he was the official owner of all of the paintings.
And, by doing so, he would have assure himself the ownership of such a beautiful pet like Will, keeping him as his personal slave and personally going to train him to become the perfect pet.

However, the more time he spent inside the castle, the more he could feel his humanity and soul leaving his body. Not that he ever had them, of course.
But it was only now that the knowledge of that was quickly hitting him, showing him even more frequently images of what would have expected him once he was going to finally put an end to that miserable thing that he called his life.
The images of tortures and the screams of pain now getting more vivid and loud the more he went further inside the castle, making him think that maybe he was finally going crazy for real.
Or that everything he was witnessing in that moment was just a very vivid nightmare, and that all of those scenes were just the consequences of the stress of these days.

Yes, of course, he could have just run outside of the castle, taking his chances in the dark forest and praying to whatever god was wiling to listen to him to just make him go through the nigh safely and without meeting any kind of dangerous animal.
But the thought of Will, of his beautiful Will being a whimpering mess. Of his eyes filled with lust, of his red lips wet with drool. Of his hand quickly stroking his shaft while chasing

his orgasm. These thoughts wouldn't leave him alone, forcing Frederick to go through his plan to just kill Hannibal and have his way with the brunette.
It wouldn't take long, after all. Especially because Frederick was finally getting closer and closer to where his bedroom for the night was.
The man was so close to safety, so close to finally having the possibility to save himself from the madness and the horrors that he had been witnessing since he ran away from Will.

However, everything started to fall down when Frederick heard some simple words, sounding like they were coming out from the mouth of an angle itself, making the man freeze in his spot and slowly turn his body around.
His eyes witnessing the most beautiful creature that he had ever seen in his entire life.
Little did he know that the most dangerous creature of hell, once, used to be an angel too.

"Never thought of you as a night creature, Mr.Chilton~
Care to keep me company in such a beautiful night like this?"

It didn't take long for Will to actually bring Frederick right where he wanted for him to be.
Just a couple of sway of his hips, the right words being whispered in his ear with the sweetest tone he could manage, and a pair lustful looks were enough to make the brunette fall to his knees for him.
And right into his trap.

Usually, Will would have already got bored of playing with a human, asking Hannibal to just kill their pray already so that they could finally have dinner together.
Or maybe, as it happened many times, they would find themselves having their way together over the kitchen counter. With Will's naked chest pressed and gently pushed against the cold marble, keeping him into a bending position while Hannibal was feasting on his ass, making the brunette squirm and moan and beg for more.
Something that he always had to earn, behaving like the good boy that Hannibal always told him he was.
Even if, sometimes, he found that being a brat could be so much nicer instead of eagerly following his lover's orders, wanting for the man to chase him around and force him into submission.
After all, a little game of prey and predator never hurt anyone.

However, right now, it wasn't the right moment to think about his activities behind closed doors with Hannibal, especially when he finally was going to make his little revenge against Frederick begin.
At first, Will would have been happy with just killing him inside of the little church that Hannibal insisted to create right behind the castle, telling Will that something as beautiful as a gothic church would only add a sense of peace and delightfulness to their lives.
And, if the brunette had to be honest, he never minded the idea of having his body taken and possessed while laying over an altar. Offering himself, his body and soul, to that beautiful Demon God that he soon discovered being his lover.
The man he learned how to love even before he discovered that he loved himself even more.

No, it would have been too merciful of him to just lead Frederick in the church, in such a beautiful and sacred place.
The man didn't deserve to die in such a place like that, dirtying it with his rancid blood and with his rotten flesh. It would have been a sacrilege, in the brunette's eyes, to take Frederick's life in a place like that.
A place so cherished by him, that reminded him of the only true God that he will ever have in his entire life and in the one beyond that.

Indeed, the dirty ground of the woods seemed a more fitting place for Frederick to finally die, giving to Will and Hannibal the feast they had craved for a few says since then.
Or, to be more truthful, giving to Will the joy and fun to play with someone who was so naïve and so stupid he almost made the brunette pity him. And giving to Hannibal the possibility to just enjoy the sight of his lover being happy with his new toy.
After all, everything that the older man did was meant to please his good boy, bringing him the perfect preys for him to manipulate and letting the curly brunette have his own fun with them. Even if that meant for Will to act in ways that were only meant for the olden man's eyes.

Not that the brunette was against the fact that he always had to make himself get forgiven by his lover for his behavior.
After all, if he enjoyed acting like a slut for strangers, he enjoyed even more doing so for his only one and true God.

"Are you sure you don't want to go back and get some clothes for yourself, Will? Not that I mind the sight" Frederick asked Will, waking him once again from his thoughts with his question.
Yes, the brunette was wearing only a few pieces of clothes that barely covered his body, doing nothing to protect him from the cold air of the woods, especially at that hour of the night.
But low temperatures had never been a problem for him, even when he hadn't met Hannibal yet.
And, after all, he knew that if they tried to follow Frederick's advice and go back they will have to face Hannibal sooner than when the young man had planned. Not that he would have minded getting together once again with his husband, but he wished to play more with the man who really thought was in charge right now.
And, after all, the night was still young. A little fun wouldn't have killed anyone.
Yet.

"If we go back now Hannibal might find us, and I really don't want that. Especially not now that I found you" Will replied to Frederick, stopping in his tracks and slowly turning his body to the side to look directly at Frederick. His teasing smirk always present on his lips, as if he was a cat who just got the cream and knew that he was going to get something even more tasty after that.
A smirk that almost immediately turned into a pout, making the brunette turn completely his body so that he was now standing face to face with Frederick.
His blue eyes focused on the face of the older man.

“Do you really want to bring me back to him?
Am I not your little pet anymore?” Will asked to the man, his tone resembling the one of a puppy, wanting to look eve more submissive to the eyes of the brunette in front of him.
He already learned how Frederick thought and what he liked, using all of the information in his possess to easily manipulate him and to play him like a puppet, showing himself like a pet that you could play with.
Something that you could use for your own pleasure and fun, and that was eager to be used in that way.
The perfect slave, someone would say.

Will always liked to do so, to play the part of an innocent little boy who knew little to nothing about the world, but who also knew how to seduce you and how to be the perfect sex machine that everyone could ever want.
It amused him, to see the lust and the desire in everyone who ever dared to look at him with unholy thoughts, really thinking that he could be their property. That he would leave his lover, his Hannibal, to be with someone like them.
It was something that always made him laugh, something that amused him to no end. Almost as much as the idea of finally being able to kill his victims, putting an end to the little game of cat and mouse tat had started since the first sight they shared.

After all, he wanted and needed to make Hannibal proud of him, showing to the older man how much he loved him and how obedient he could be. How well he learned all of the lessons that the older man taught him since the first time they met.
How well he had learned to slowly, oh so slowly and painfully, torture the men who thought that they could have him, putting on a show meant and studied for the only man who could ever be worthy to stay by his side.
If Will could call Hannibal a man.

The brunette had seen what was hiding behind his human suit, he had seen the creature that live in the night, basked his body and soul in the dim light of the moon.
The creature who enjoyed the smell of the finest and purest blood, quickly flowing out the still alive bodies of his victims. The creature who saw the most beautiful scenario in a scene that many would define as gruesome, or even repugnant.
Finding poetry and beauty in something that the humans and the creature that used to live in the light would define as ugly and horrible. Unholy even.
And maybe that was what Hannibal really was, something unholy, created by satan itself only to replace him on his throne made of flames and bones.

Not that Will was minding, of course.
After all, it was exactly that darkness and that deep beauty that pulled the brunette toward, almost forcing his body to seek the warmth and the attention of the creature in front of him.
His voice sweet as honey, warm as the rays of the sun that he will never see again, gently whispering in his ears to finally let himself fall.
To finally allow his body and soul to be pushed over the edge of no return.
To welcome in his mouth the sweet taste of the human flesh, to finally allow his lips to savour that sweet red liquid that he had craved since the beginning of time.

His once pure and white wings now slowly losing that color, letting the feathers be stained by the blood of who God would have called innocents when, in reality, everyone knew that they were not innocent a tall.
Pigs that had been allowed to live in this world too long, only because who they believed in was meant to be some sort of mystic figure that forgave everyone only because they asked, demanded, so.
It was, stupid, in Will's eyes. To just be good and forgive everyone just because you were supposed to, without really meaning it.
To just put on a mask, ignoring everything that was rotten in this world, only because "God said so"

To just be whoever they wanted him to be, and not who he was really meant to be.

But then Hannibal came into his life.
Deciding to finally tear away the mask that, until that day, who was supposed to be an angel always wore without esitation and without questions. As if he was slowly trying to convince himself that that was what he was supposed to be, forcing himself to change into something that he really wasn't.
And, of course, when everything fell down, when his body touched the ground and his flesh was tore apart by the mask, revealing to the devil himself the raw flesh of his. When all of that happened.
Will felt, for maybe the first time in his life, alive.

Will felt like he could finally breath for the first time in his entire life.
Like he could finally be alive.

And why was that? Why was an angel, the first archangel ever created if we wanted to be precise, finally feeling alive only after meeting the devil itself?
Why was he finally feeling all of these emotions only after meeting the creature that was going to ruin his life for ever? Showing him what the darkness of the night could offer to him, making the brunette discover the sensations that only a bite on the neck, made by sharp fangs meant to break the skin to his bare flesh, could offer to him.

If we wanted to be honest, Will never found an answer for those questions, not that he really tried of course.
He always though that some things were better to be left unanswered instead of spending the entirety of his immortal life by trying to find and answer in whatever the universe had ever planned for him.
After all, he could never go back to what he was once, and he really didn't want to.
Not after tasting the sweet flavor of human meat. Offered by the hands of what was never meant to be human.
Not after finding out what great pleasure a bath in the blood of other creatures could bring to him, allowing his wings to finally be painted of the color that they were always meant to be.

A color that, both Will and Hannibal loved greatly.
A simple yet never present reminder that now Will belonged to the darkness too, always having to wear on his neck the mark of the bite that condemned him to what many would call eternal damnations by the hands of the vampire that the brunette had the pleasure and the

honor to call his husband.
If living for ever with your lover, enjoying all of the pleasure that living a life full of sins could be living in eternal damnation.
Right?

However, those thought were being interrupted once again by the man who had offered him this lovely game of cat and mouse, making Will had fun like he never had with one of his victims.

Ok, he still was mad at Frederick because of his little stunt he made while trying to steal some of Hannibal's paintings, not really able to keep his dick in his pants. Needing to see what was happening between the brunette and his older lover, wanting to see and enjoy and feel on his own skin the pleasure and the temptation that Will's needy moans and whimpers were offering him.

Unfortunately, for both of them, Frederick had to make his presence be noticed by Hannibal, who wasn't really a fan of sharing his beloved Will with anyone.
Of course, he loved to indulge in the brunette's fantasies, to let others think that they could have a private spectacles of the brunette's pleasure. Painted on his face and in his eyes as waves of pleasure washed over him, making his mouth produce some of the most beautiful sounds that a man could ever make.
But the older man had never been someone who liked to show to others a spectacle that was meant for his eyes only.
And Will knew that.

He knew what was going to happen to him, or better, what wasn't going to happen to him.
And he was fine with that, he was fine with the idea of not being able to cum tin that moment, feeling not only his lover's pair of eyes on his body but also the ones of a lamb destined to be slaughtered.
He had no interest in entertain lambs.
Or sheeps.

Will could feel Frederick's lips on his own, a poor excuse of what the man wanted to seem a chaste kiss before finally force it to progress into something more.
Something more heated, as if it was meant to quickly become a kiss shared by two lovers who were going to spend eternity together.
Frederick's hands quickly travelling all over the brunette's body, caressing it over the light fabric that was covering his pale skin, looking almost white in the light of the moon that was shining brightly above them.
A journey that didn't last long, only a few seconds. Just the time to allow Frederick to make one of his hands travel to the brunette's curl, passing a hand through them in a quick way before grasping and pulling at them.

The boy's head now being forced back in an unnatural position, making him expose the tender skin of his neck. Light marks of fangs could almost be still visible, not that Frederick cared in that moment.
All he could think about was how good and rough he was going to fuck the brunette in front

of him, finally taking and keeping him as his pet and fuck toy.
The man already thinking about how good Will would feel around his cock, about how tight he would be.
About the pretty noises he was going to make when the man forced him to choke on his cock.
He was going to have so much fun with him.

And, if the smirk that had just appeared on Will's lisps was an indicator of his excitement, the curly brunette too couldn't wait to finally have a real man give him all of the attentions that his mouth and his ass needed and deserved.
And maybe, if the man felt generous enough, he won't leave too many marks on his skin.
Yet.

"On your knees, darling" the man had ordered to Will, looking at him with some sort of what could be called a dominant expression, meant to make the brunette obey more easily to him.
Unfortunately for him the only effect that his expression had on Will in that moment was the one of making a light chuckle escape his lips, something that was intended by the man as something good and that meant that the brunette was eager and happy to comply to his orders.
When, in reality, the curly brunette boy was just making fun on him.
Not that it really mattered in that moment, especially when Will was already sinking down on his knees. His hands quickly going to undo the man's pants so that he could slowly pull them down along the underwear he was wearing.
Frederick's cock now springing free, resting against his lower stomach. The tip already leaking precum, signaling to Will that the man had been dreaming and waiting for something like that to happen since a while from now.

"Disgusting" Will thought, looking at the hard cock of the man in front of himself, glancing at him for a few seconds. A light smirk appearing on his lips as soon as his blue eyes met Frederick's brown pair.
The brunette couldn't wait to show to the man what he had planned for him since the first time he had looked at his figure, clearly seeing since the first moment the sick intentions that he had toward him. Clearly seeing everything that he would have liked to do to him, and seeing everything that he had done to those who had been in his place before him.

"No, he doesn't deserve to live" it was everything that Will thought as soon as he saw Frederick for the first time. And now he was going to act on that.

Not wanting to waste anymore time, Will decided to take Frederick's shaft into his right hand, starting to stroke it in a slow but steady pace. His attention now back again at the piece of meat in front of him, not looking anymore at the man in the eyes, as if he was undeserving of his attention.
And, in a way, he was.
Not that Frederick cared in that moment. His eyes already closed, his head already pushed back because of the pleasure he was feeling right now. Something that he had never felt before, with any of the boys he had lured into his trap before using them for his own wicked games.

A gasp immediately leaving the man's mouth as soon as he felt Will's hand giving him a twisted, powerful stroke, making him feel pleasure in a way he never felt before.
It was as if the brunette that was now on his knees knew all of the ways to pleasure humid, using his kinks and his deepest desires that he never told anyone against him in the most pleasurable way possible.
He felt like he was slowly ascending to heaven, guided by the expert hand of what he would have called a very beautiful angel.
If not the most beautiful of them all.

However, Frederick wasn't even near to feel what real pleasure was, since he was only experiencing the soft but expert touch of Will's hand. Still lazily stroking his shaft, using his thumb once in a while to spread the leaking precum all over the swollen head of his cock. Making low grunts escape his lips every time that the curly brunette did so.
Something that made Will feel even more cocky, perfectly knowing that he was obtaining the best result from his performance even if he was putting the lowest effort in it.
After all, he always knew that it wouldn't have took much to push Frederick to his limits.

But, if he had to be honest, Will was quickly growing bored of his new toy.
He had been playing with him for quite a while now, letting him believe that they were playing some sort of sick and twisted Cat and mouse game. Where, obviously, Frederick was playing as the cat.
And yes, for a while it had been fun, to let the man think that everything was under his control and that he was the one in charge of all that was happening right now.
Nonetheless, if the brunette had to be honest with himself, he was still thinking about the orgasm he couldn't achieve thanks to Hannibal's order because of that man in front of him. Because he had just decided that he had to be too curious for his own good, deciding to ignore completely the paintings that he once had planned to stole in favor of something that he decided was a better piece of art.

In usual circumstances, Will would have loved to have some sort of public. Even the denial of his orgasm would have been something that would have excited him, reminding to himself who was in charge of his life and who was taking good care of him. Perfectly knowing when he deserved to cum and when it would have been better for him to just wait another while.
However, that night was different.
Hannibal had promised him to let him cum after a few days of denial. A punishment for the brunette because he had decided to being rude toward his Master. His orgasm that night would have been his reward for being such a good boy, taking his punishment so well and without complaining much.

But Hannibal was a jealous man, of course, and he never liked for others to see what was his own property and pet in such a vulnerable moment.
He cherished the sight of his pet and lover, of His Will, loosing himself in the carnal pleasure of the orgasms after being denied such a simple relief for a few days.
And he wanted to be the only one to witness that.

And Frederick had to ruin all of it.

“Oh god” Frederick said in a gasp, waking the curly brunette from his thoughts, making him remember where he was and what he was doing right now. The grip he had on the man’s shaft a bit tighter , something that Will probably did while not really thinking about it, too lost in the thoughts of what he could have had with Hannibal and in the anger that came after realizing that he would have had to wait to finally have his reward.
All because of the man in front of him, who now was looking at the curly brunette with the most disgusting lustful look in his eyes

Staring right into Will’s blue eyes, looking at him as if he was the finest piece of meat that someone could find. As if Frederick thought that he was really going to be his good pet, his sex slave, and that he will obey his orders no matter what. For ever.
Or, at least, until the man didn’t found someone more interesting to play with.
A fantasy that Will was more than happy to indulge for a while more, making a smirk appear on his lips only for just a few seconds, as if it was just a spark of the true emotions he was feeling right now, before replacing it with the most innocent smile that he could have in that moment.

“Do you like it, sir?” Will asked to the man after a few seconds, trying to make his voice sound as more innocent as possible. His eyes glancing at Frederick’s just for a few seconds, right under his lashes, before moving away his attention once again.
After all, he needed to concentrate if he wanted to do a good job, and if eh wanted to get his reward.
And, besides that, Will always loved how jealous and possessive Hannibal became when the brunette pushed his game just a bit too far.

Something that he was going to do right now, not even waiting for Frederick to answer him, before slowly and gently taking a few inches of Frederick’s cock inside his mouth. The brunette’s tongue slowly licking at the tip of it, making the man moan and whine in pleasure and need. His right hand now roughly caressing at the boy’s hair for a few seconds before gripping at them in a tight fist, forcing him to take all of Frederick’s shaft inside his mouth. A whine immediately leaving Will’s mouth, making the man groan in pleasure, happy with the sign of submission that the brunette was showing him.

Groan of pleasure that quickly turned into a more painful growl, as soon as the man could feel the boy slightly using his teeth against the sensitive skin of his cock.
A feeing that Frederick wasn’t really able to understand, feeling like pleasure and pain were quickly mixing each other into something that he never felt before. Making him wanting to push Will away but also wanting to force him to take more of his cock inside of his mouth. Wanting to feel his tongue licking his tip, wanting to feel his fangs gently brushing against the sensitive skin.

He wondered what would have happened if the man let the boy have his way for a few minutes, thinking about how beautiful his face and expression would have been if he let him take control just for a few minutes. Wanting to see that little spark of freedom and control that would have appeared in Will’s eyes, just for a while, before making it disappear in just a few seconds.

Taking away all of the brunette's control over his life, finally making him understand how his life was going to be from now on.

Or maybe, Frederick could have started to torture him right now from the very beginning. Pushing his cock all inside of Will's mouth, wanting to feel the tip hitting the back of his throat.
Wanting for the boy to choke around his shaft, making him understand that his entire life now belonged to Frederick and that the man was going to use him in every way he wanted. No matter what.
Yes, maybe he was going to do that. Right now.

However, his thought had been immediately interrupted by a sharp wave of pain that quickly rushed all over his body, making him feel like he was getting stabbed a million times right where his cock was.
Or, well, right were his cock used to be.

Frederick's gaze immediately lowering to where Will was kneeling once, noticing only now the brunette that was looking at him in the eyes. The smirk he had on his lips the most terrifying expression that Frederick had ever seen in his entire life, only made it worse by the drop of blood that was quickly running down from the corner of his lips to the tip of his chin. The brunette's face was too covered in blood, making the man's vision falter and blacken for just a few seconds. His whole body feeling weak.

Was he going to die? Just like this?

Frederick wasn't thinking straight in that moment, his thoughts confused and his body growing weaker and weaker because of the blood loss that he was experiencing right now. His body quickly falling on the ground, making his back hit the wet and dirty ground that until a few seconds ago was covered only by the grass and the fallen leaves of the threes. Only a soft gasp leaving his mouth in that moment, the man already too weak to let any other sound escape his lips. Not that he did want to, even if his mind was quickly getting filled with questions about what was going to happen to him from now on.
Questions about why the brunette had done all of this to him, to the person he was so eager to meet and to submit.

Many thoughts now filling Frederick's mind, almost making him forget the pain that he was feeling because of the loss that he was experiencing right between his legs. Almost.
The pain still present, never leaving his body and never giving him the chance to get used to it even if just for a bit. Keeping him awake and conscious about everything that was going to happen around him.
Focused on the curly brunette who now was quickly raising up, standing now once again on his own feet while staring at Frederick with an emotionless expression on his face.

His beautiful visage, once so innocent an pure, once so pale that it looked almost white under the light of the moo, now covered in blood. Turning him into something that the man would have called a Fallen Angel.
Once so beautiful and pure, now turned in something terrifying that only craved the blood of his victims.
Yet, he still remained the most beautiful creature that he had ever seen in his entire life.

Especially thanks to his blue eyes that, right now, seemed to stare at Frederick's soul. As if they were studying it for a minute or more, trying to decide what to do with what would have left of himself once the sweet embrace of death finally decided to claim him.

The man's body relaxing even more right now, too weak to even try to run away from him or to even try to resist the sleepiness that as quickly taking over his body. His mind already knowing that, for him, there wasn't anything that could have been done to save him from what he had feared most his entire life.
But, if the man really wanted to see something positive in this situation, at least he was going to die while being watched by the most beautiful creature he had ever seen.
That pair of blue eyes, deep as the sea and light as the color of the sky, never leaving his body nor his soul until the last bit of life decided to finally leave the empty body that he was becoming.

"At least I will be guided to heaven by the most beautiful angel. God's favorite indeed" Frederick thought, giving himself more importance than reality even when he was slowly dying because of blood loss.
The man remaining himself even in death, thinking that he was better than everyone else and that he deserved to be treated like this. To be lead to heaven by the most beautiful of them all. The thought of it making a little smirk appear on his face, gifting him a smug expression that Will was soon going to erase from his face.

If Hannibal hadn't stopped him before, of course.
Gently placing his hand on the brunette's shoulder, making him turn his head to the side so that he could be able to look at the love of his life in the eyes.
Will's emotionless expression, almost angry and disgusted, quickly turning into a bold smirk. Something meant to mock the man who was slowly dying right at his feet, as if that was one last act to make Frederick understand how little he really meant in this world.
And for Will.

However, his blue eyes, the same blue eyes that managed to make even the most evil creature that could have ruled over hell fall in love with him, were telling to Hannibal a different story.
Indeed, if his smirk was a smug and a bold once, his eyes were filled with sweetness and love. Searching the approval of his lover, wanting to be good for him and craving that sweet praise that he wanted to hear from him.
Craving the soft touch of his lover. That same touch that always made him feel alive once again, reminding him that he could always find love and desire for his true self in the monster that now was right in front of him.
The only that could accept him for who he was, teaching him how to truly be himself.
Showing him the beautiful world were he truly belonged to.
The same world that he was meant to rule from now until the end of time, with his only and true love by his side.

'Et lingua eius loquetur indicium ~ And his tongue shall speak judgement'

‘Quoniqm cum probates fuerit accipient coronam vitae~ Since he, with striving, shall receive the crown of life’

Both Will and Hannibal were now slowly loosing themselves in the eyes of their lover, just enjoying each other’s embrace.

His hands now right in front of their faces, holding together the heart that once was beating inside of Frederick’s chest, who now was laying lifeless on the ground. His eyes shut open, staring at what once was a beautiful full white moon. The same moon that now was colored by a lovely shape of red, as if someone had decided to pain it with the blood of an angel.

Both of their mouths covered in blood, letting the sweet taste of that tender and soft meat make Will close his eyes. As if he wanted to savor and to enjoy that favor for as long as possible, still not completely used at the taste of what was human meat, even after all of the times that Hannibal fed that to him.

The blood that was still in the heart now filling the brunette’s mouth, making him almost moan at the sensation of that.

His mind still bringing him, from time to time and especially in moment like this, to the first time that his lover served him what he now would call the sweetest blood that he had ever tasted.

Something that, at the time, was being called a very refined wine, only meant to be drank by such special and interesting creatures like him.

However, to both his delight and disgust, Will had always been able to recognize the taste of that sweet, red liquid that managed to keep alive almost all of the creatures on this planet that were being commonly called “humans”.

And, what he had been drinking in that moment wasn’t wine. Nor human blood.

No, it was something sweeter, with just a hint of something that, at the time, Will hadn’t been able to recognize. Something that was making everything feel more..

Sinful.

As if the man who had offered to him his own blood wanted to make his fall a bit more pleasant, easing him in what was going to be his entire life on earth spent in what everyone would have called damnation and hell.

But that, to Will, looked more like his own personal heaven that he always craved and wished to reach since he was created.

He had just been following the wrong path.

“Did you decided his judgment, Mylimasis?” Hannibal asked to his lover after a few seconds, using his right hand to gently cup the cheek of the brunette in front of him. His thumb caressing the soft flesh of his lower lip, smearing blood all over it and a bit on the corner of his mouth.

A smirk appearing on the older man’s lips at the sight of that, thinking about how beautiful his Angel was while slowly falling more and more in the heaven that they had been creating together since that night.

A place filled with pleasure and lust, just for the two of them.

If someone dared to adventure themselves inside the woods in that moment, following just the right path and managing to avoid all of the ravenous creatures that had been craving the taste of meat, they would have stumbled upon a very lustful scene that was being consumed right in the middle of the forest.

Seeing as the two protagonist Will and Hannibal. Both of them now quickly loosing themselves in each other’s body and mind, giving and getting what they had been wanting since the start of their little game with Frederick.

Hannibal’s lips crushing over the brunette’s pair, swallowing every moan that was coming out of his mouth. As if he wanted for nobody and nothing to hear what was meant to be only for his ears and his ears only, especially since the now dead body of Frederick had been able to hear them when he was still alive.

Something that the older man didn’t like, being possessive of Will and of the pleasure that he felt in every way possible.

His right hand tightly gripping at Will’s hip, keeping him still in that position, not allowing him to squirm under his touch and against the three where he was leaning over. His naked back pressed against the hard wood, almost scratching his pale and delicate skin. Something that Hannibal wasn’t going to allow to happen, wanting for Will’s skin to be covered only by marks made by him and only him.

Showing to the world and reminding to the brunette who he belonged too.

Something that he was doing right now, tightening the grip that he had on his flesh, sure to leave purple marks both on his hip and on the base of the boy’s throat. Right were his fingers were squeezing the soft flesh of the fallen angel that Hannibal had the pleasure to call his lover.

Groans and moans escaping the brunette’s moth because of his lover’s attentions, making him try to buckle his hips up in a vain attempt to gain some kind of friction on his aching, hard cock.

“Patience, Will.

I’m going to give you what you desire, with the right time” Hannibal whispered over the brunette’s wet lips, glancing at his blue eyes just for a few seconds. His expression serious,

hiding well the not so present smirk that was slowly making its way on Hannibal's lips.

After all, he always enjoyed seeing Will, his Will, so desperate and needy. Wanting to finally have that touch and attention that were going to bring him over the edge.

And he wanted to give to the by those attentions too, loving nothing more to see his lover squirming under his touch and coming undone because of him.

But the man also enjoyed to take his time, to savor every little second and moment that he spent with his Angel.

And Will knew that. He perfectly knew that Hannibal wasn't going to allow him to have his reward so soon, even after what had happened with Frederick and the fact that he had been denied his pleasure for so long. And without a valid reason.

But he also knew that his lover liked to take his time with him, to bring him to the edge over and over until he couldn't take it anymore.

Something that, if he had to be honest with himself, always managed to make him experience the most amazing orgasms that he had ever experienced in the life he spent in lust and sin.

Something that only Hannibal was able to make him achieve, knowing perfectly how to play with Will's body and just how to use him for both of their pleasures.

Unfortunately, despise all of that, Will wasn't willing to play any sort of patience games right now.

He had waited long enough to finally have his lover give him what he needed the most, and he wanted for Hannibal to give him so right now. Without any more waiting and without anymore teasing.

And the brunette perfectly knew how to do so, having learned many ways about how to bring his lover exactly where he wanted for him to be. Perfectly knowing what his angelic face and a little bit of begging could do to the vampire in front of him, who had never been able to deny to Will what he really needed in moment like those.

"I need you Hannibal.

Please" It was everything that Will said in that moment, looking directly at Hannibal in the eyes.

His voice was soft, almost out of breath, giving to him that look that the older man loved so much. Making him look as if he was some sort of innocent plaything, maybe a naïve prey too, running away from the predator that was hunting him down.

Begging him to just be gentle with him, to not kill him.

A view that always managed to make a low, possessive growl escape Hannibal's lips, loving that look on his lover face. Loving the fact that he was begging to finally have what he was craving since the beginning of their journey together.

And who was Hannibal to just deny him such a pleasure like that?

Indeed, it didn't take long for the man to finally take a few steps away from the boy, allowing him to move his body just a little bit. His back pressed no more against the hard bark of the tree he had been pressed against for the entire time.

The flesh on his back hurting like hell, signaling to him about all of the light scratches that now were decorating that part of his body. A soft moan leaving Will's mouth with every movement that he made, making his back ache a bit more. Something that he didn't mind, of course.

But his thoughts quickly started to fade away, his attention being distracted by that deep and low voice of his lower that now was ordering him to do something.

The brunette still a bit too lost in his own mind and thoughts to understand the full sentence that Hannibal had just told him, only being able to hear just a few words.

Words that were enough for Will to understand what the older man wanted from him. Something that he had been waiting for so long, since the moment that Frederick had interrupted them.

"Present yourself for me, Mylimasis."

A wicked smile immediately appearing on his lips. His knees falling on the ground immediately after, trying to not let Hannibal understand how much he wanted this.

Unfortunately for him, the older man had always been good at reading his sweet and not so innocent boy. Being able to perfectly understand him and what everyone of his movements meant. Being able to read even the smallest micro expressions that appeared from time to time on the beautiful face of the fallen angel that Hannibal had the pleasure to call his.

He knew how much eager his boy was for what was going to happen, especially after they had a little interruption by the man who's corpse was now still laying on the ground just a few feet away from them.

Something that Hannibal didn't really like much, being interrupted. Especially not when he was so close to see once again the beautiful expressions and to hear the beautiful sounds that his Will always made when Hannibal decided to bring him over the edge. Again and again.

Only allowing him to cum after Hannibal had his fun with him.

Bu tonight Hannibal wasn't going to take his time with Will.

No, tonight he was going to give to his boy exactly what he needed and craved the most. Immediately bringing him into a world of pure pleasure and lust that the brunette would never be able to be saved from.

Not that he wanted to, of course. His once so white and pure soul had already lost in what many people would call the darkest and deepest circle of hell. Waiting for eternal damnation.

Little did they know that damnation could taste so sweet. Almost like blood.

“Good boy, Will.

You’re such a good pet for me” Hannibal praise the brunette once he saw that his boy was finally in the right position. His cheek pressed on the dirty ground beneath them, his back forming a lovely arch that exposed even more his bare ass. The pale flesh making Hannibal almost want to take even more of his time to worship his own personal god, reminding Will how sweet sin could taste.

However, the older man had denied himself for too much longer to allow his own selfish desires to carnally worship the brunette once again, making him scream his name thanks to his mouth and hands. Making him cum over and over again, or maybe denying him once more that sweet release he had craved so much.

But it wasn’t the right moment to do so.

Not when they both had been waiting for far too long to finally lose themselves in the pleasure and in the desire that they both could offer to each other.

And, after all, how could the older man resist to him when the brunette whimpered his name.

His words being whispered in a needy, pathetic tone. Filled with desire and with just a little bit of innocence that always managed to drive Hannibal wild.

“Hannibal, please..-“

The brunette didn’t even had the time to finish his sentence because he soon felt Hannibal’s broad chest being pressed against his back, making his naked body being pushed even more against the dirty ground where he was almost laying on. The boy managing to keep his hips high, feeling the hard erection of the older man pressing against his bare ass.

A sensation that almost made him speak once again, forcing out of his mouth words filled with desire instead of the moans and whines that now were fighting to just escape his , if only he hadn’t been interrupted once again by Hannibal’s voice and hands.

Same hands that now were roughly caressing his body, traveling all over his skin before firmly gripping at the brunette’s bare hips.

“I know, Mylimasis.

I’m going to give you what you want very soon” the older man whispered in his ear, leaving only one single kiss on the skin of the brunette’s neck immediately after he finished his sentence.

Hannibal’s fangs gently brushing over the pale flesh of the brunette’s neck, making Will shiver once again because of that attention. Making him wonder if he would be allowed to feel the pleasure that only being bitten by his lover could bring him.

Something that he almost forget how it made him feel, remembering the last time that Hannibal allowed himself to have a taste of that angelic and pure blood that run inside the brunette's immortal body.

A few seconds had passed since when Hannibal spoke for the last time, his lips and tongue busy with kissing and nibbling at the pale skin of his lover, leaving marks all over his shoulder blades and all over the crook of his neck. The woods soon being filled with the sweet moans of the boy, unable to control himself and the sounds that escaped his mouth with every touch or kiss from his lover.

Of course, Will tried to speak too, wanting to tell to Hannibal to stop to teasing him, even if the man had started only a few moments ago, and to give him already what he wanted and needed.

However, the brunette didn't even had the time to let a single word out of his mouth because, as soon as he tried to do so, he felt Hannibal's chest slowly rising from hi back. Not pressing his body in the ground anymore.

His hands stopping to roam and caress his naked body, now firmly grabbing at his hips in a tight grip. Something that was surely going to leave a bruise and a mark on the brunette's skin, as a reminder to everyone and to him of who he belonged to.

A whimper of anticipation and desire immediately leaving Will's lips as soon as he felt the tip of Hannibal's cock pressing against his ass, making him close his eyes for jut a few seconds. Trying to prepare himself for what was going to happen to him and to his body.

It wasn't unusual for Hannibal to fuck his Will without preparing him first, both of them finding the experience more intense and more pleasurable. But, of course, it wasn't something that they did most of the times.

Especially because Hannibal liked to take his time with his Angel, making him cum with both his fingers and his tongue multiple times before finally allowing him to cum on his cock.

Or maybe bringing him over and over the edge without allowing him to get his release until the older man was buried deep inside of the brunette. The tip of his cock brushing with every thrust against his prostate.

And tonight wouldn't have been different, if both of theme hadn't been craving the sweet release and the even sweeter intimacy that their love making always managed to gift to them.

Something that they were both looking forward, not caring if tonight they were going to be a little bit more rough than usual.

Something that would surely result in Will not being able to sit comfortably or walk straight for a few days. Not that he minded, of course, especially not when he knew that his lover was going to take really good care of him and his sore body.

After all, Hannibal always told him that it was his job to take care of him and of his body.

Something that the he never complied about.

However, every kind of thought that was inside Will's mind in that moment quickly disappeared as soon as he felt his lover pushing his erection inside of his hole in one swift move, making a loud moan immediately escape his lips and making him close his eyes.

The only thing that he could feel in that precise moment was a wave of pleasure washing through his body, mixing itself with the sensation of pain because of the little preparation that Hannibal gave him.

But he never minded a bit of pain in his life, finding the feeling and the sensations that he always felt on his body something that only added themselves to the pleasure of the moment.

Both of them stayed still for a few seconds. Hannibal because, even if he knew how much his Will enjoyed pain, he didn't want to hurt his lover. Much.

Will stayed still because of his vulnerable position, unable to move much because of the older man's chest being pressed against his back, pushing him even more into the ground and not allowing him to move much. Giving him only the possibility to squirm a bit under Hannibal's body.

Pathetic whines leaving his mouth, in a mere attempt to subtly tell to Hannibal to start to move. Wanting to let him know that he wanted, no, needed more.

Something that Hannibal was going to give him soon, but not before teasing his lover just a bit more.

Wanting to remind him that he always needed to behave properly, or to be properly, if he wanted to receive his very much awaited reward.

"Hannibal, please-" Will started to say, his voice needy and filled with pleasure. His hips moving a bit, wanting to feel more of his lover inside of himself. Wanting to finally have his reward that was going to bring him over the edge of pleasure once again.

However, unfortunately for him, the brunette immediately had to stop what he was doing when he felt the older man's fangs brushing over the skin of his neck and shoulders. A silent warning for him to behave properly, immediately followed by the sound of Hannibal's voice.

"Behave, Will. I don't want to hurt you.

Yet" Hannibal told him in a low voice, letting his fangs brush against the soft skin of his lover before slowly, so slowly, move his hips. Giving a small reward to the brunette, only because he wanted to hear his soft whimpers and his pleadings once more before starting to properly fuck him.

Wanting to hear Will's vulnerable and needy voice, begging and pleading him.

Many minutes had passed and no, if someone for some reason would have found themselves inside of the dark forest, they probably would have heard, besides the noises of the many animals that lived inside of it ad the brushing of the leaves on the threes moved by the wind,

the loud moans and whimpers of the brunette who now was being roughly fucked by his lover.

Grunts and moans of pleasure now leaving Will's mouth, without any care about the fact that someone may have heard him.

After all, and he perfectly knew that, if someone dared to be so stupid to decide to explore the forest so near to Hannibal's castle they would have immediately found their death by the hand of the older man.

Same man who was fucking him so nicely and roughly, making his eyes roll in the back of his head and forcing the most obscene profanities leave Will's mouth.

Something that, if he still had been an angel among his companions, still serving that one entity that he once swore his loyalty to, would have immediately made him being escorted into the deepest parts of hell.

And Will, despise the fact that once he used to be an angel who wore to protect everything that was holy and sacred, was now greatly enjoying himself in letting those words leave his mouth. Wanting for everyone to know and to acknowledge all of the pleasure he was feeling in that moment.

All because of a creature coming directly from hell, something that he always had to learn to fear but that he was now loving with all of his heart.

Something that Will had been doing for so long now, almost not being able to remember a time where he didn't love Hannibal or how he was able to make him feel.

Especially not when the older man was still inside of him, fucking him in a hard and rough pace that made whines and moans escape the brunette's mouth with every thrust of Hannibal's hips.

His cock already leaking precum and twitching wit every movement of the older man's body, signaling to the both of them that he was so close to just cum.

To finally achieve that pleasure and release that he had been waiting since Frederick had interrupted them a few hours ago.

Not letting the brunette have his reward by his own hand, carefully and dutifully guided by Hannibal's orders and soft as silk voice.

Yeah, he really deserved to die after all.

"H-Hannibal, please..

I need to-" Will begged in a whiny voice, wanting to finally have his release that Hannibal had promised him.

Moaning even louder when the older man gave him a particular hard thrust, pushing his cock deeper inside of him. Letting both the tip of it and his shaft brush over Will's prostate over

and over again, making him moan and whine with every movement of his hips.

Bringing him closer and closer to his release with every second that passed. Something that Hannibal was going to allow him soon, feeling his own release getting nearer and nearer.

The older man's lips now starting to leave open mothed kisses all over the brunette's back and neck, gently nibbling at the pale skin to leave a soft sign of his mark on his flesh before allowing him the reward he had been craving for so long.

"Cum for me, Will" it was everything that Hannibal said after a few seconds, giving to the brunette one final hard thrust before harshly biting down on his neck. His own release starting to be spilled inside o the brunette's hole, filling it with white hot cum.

Something that made the brunette scream in pleasure, finally bringing him over the edge of release.

His mouth now wide open, even if he was unable to let any kind of sound that wasn't a strangled moan or a choked whimper out of it. His cock twitching in pleasure while he finally let go of his release.

White cum being spilled on the ground right beneath him and on the brunette's lower abdomen, making him feel a bit sticky and dirty.

Not that he could care about it in that moment, too focused on the waves of pleasure that were rushing through his whole body.

The feeling of pain caused by Hannibal's bite still very present, even if the vampire wasn't biting him anymore, using his tongue to lick at the drop of blood that now was rolling down his neck.

A sensation that Will enjoyed very much, making him feel like he was falling even deeper into the depts of hell.

Expecting to find only pain and darkness for his soul, when in reality everything he had found had been freedom and love.

The same freedom and love that he had always craved since he was born, expecting them from the one who declared to love them all no matter what but finding them wright in the arms of what many would have called The Devil.

And yes, maybe Hannibal was the devil.

But Will didn't care. Especially not when that said evil was taking such a good care of him, slowly pulling out while still holding his trembling body close to his chest.

Soft and gentle words being whispered in his ear, telling him how much of a good boy he had been for Hannibal. Telling him what a good job he did, and about how much Hannibal was proud of him.

Something that always managed to make the brunette smile.

Four final last words being whispered into his ear, making them one pf the last things he heard before falling asleep.

“I love you, Mylimasis”

“I love you too”

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